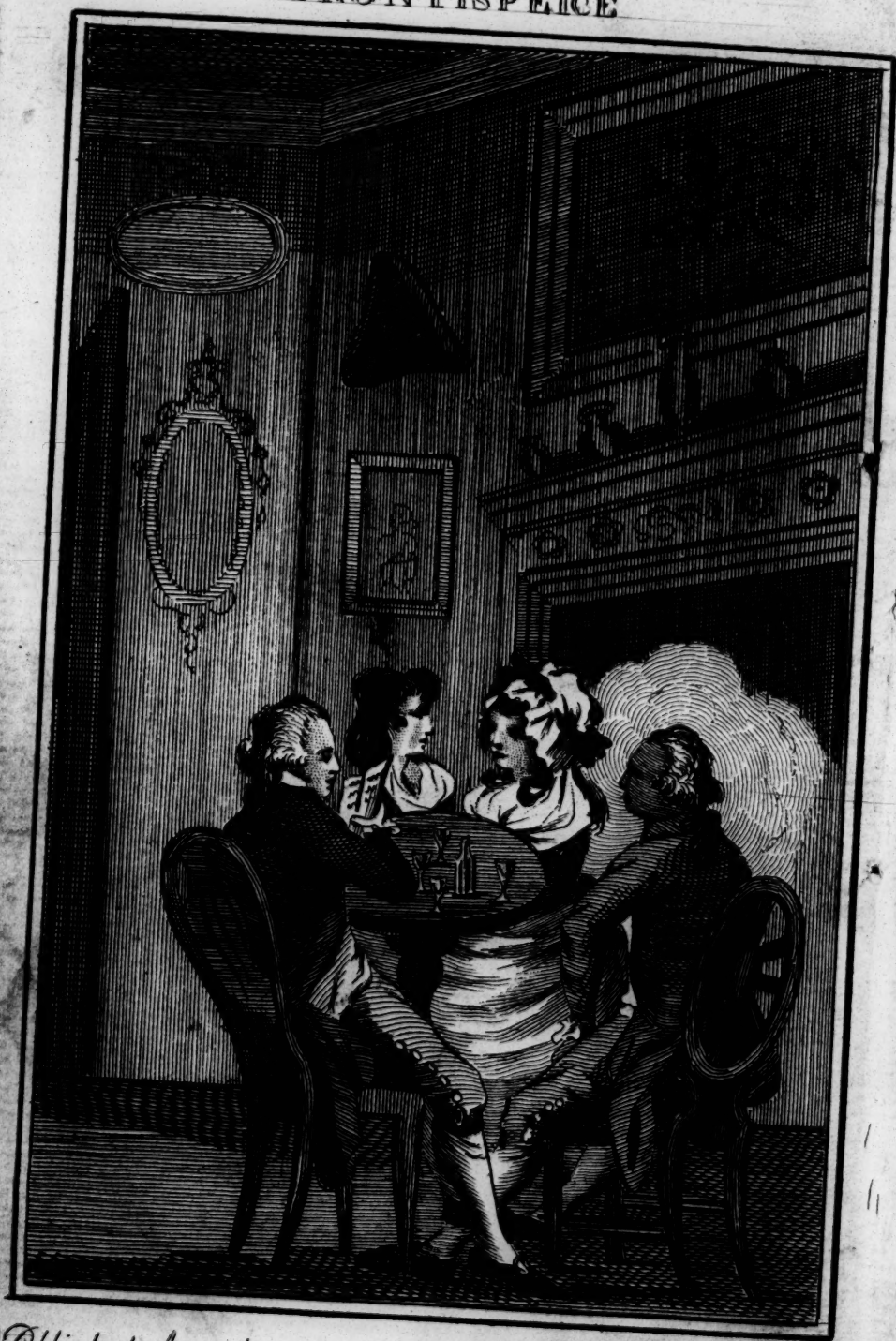


FRONTISPEICE



Published According to Act of Parliament for A. Hamilton

1791

ATTIC WIT;
OR, A
Medley of Humour:

Containing an AGREEABLE VARIETY of
Bon Mots, Jokes, & Repartees;

BEING
Humorous, Whimsical, Laughable,
Novel and Sentimental;

In PROSE and VERSE,

DESIGNED
To promote *Mirth, Jocularity, and Chearfulness,*
IN
IN BOTH SEXES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for and sold by A. HAMILTON, No. 5, Russell
Court, Covent Garden.

1791.

Ornamented with an ENGRAVED FRONTISPIECE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

2/12

A

Prefatory Address.

To the READER.

AS wit, mirth, and good-humour, have ever been the delight of youth who are always in pursuit of a something to gratify an intelligent mind, the choice here made is novel and sentimental, with pointed remarks, so as to leave something to reflect on. Others of a more lively turn are meant to raise a drooping conversation into chearfulness ; but never to introduce them, only when they come a-propos to the subject, and before those who are disposed to hear them. As there are some sort of people of so rough and sour tempers, that it is by no means safe to laugh or jest with them at all. Though on the other hand it is well known and true, that we cannot pass through this calamitous mortal life, without some recreation and amusement ; as wit and humour creates mirth and laughter, it consequently finds that relaxation which the mind requires.

AN

An objection may be made by some to the bon mots, &c. as being already known—granting this to be true, yet it is hoped they may not be displeased any more than to hear a fine song over and over, provided it be well sung.

I beg leave to quote as a compliment the inimitable Pope, who says,

“ True wit is Nature to advantage dress’d,
“ What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d :
“ Something, whose truth convinc’d at first we find,
“ That gives us back the image of our mind.
“ So shades more sweetly recommend the light,
“ So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;
“ For works may have more wit than does ’em good,
“ As bodies perish thro’ excess of blood.”

Dr. Johnson in his prefaces to the Lives of the Poets, says, “ A book is of some value if it yields harmless amusement, it is still more valuable if it communicates instruction ; but if it answers both purposes, it is truly a matter of importance to mankind.”

I shall conclude without being thought a merry and jocular man, and follow Mons. de la Bruyere, who says, “ The man who endeavours to make us merry, seldom makes himself to be esteemed.”

THE
MEDLEY of HUMOUR.

BON MOTS,
SPRIGHTLY JOKES,
WITTY REPORTEES, &c.

“ Laugh, joke, and be merry, whenever you can ;

“ For no one delights in a sorrowful man.”

ONE day a country gentleman, at a coffeehouse, having a newspaper in his hand, said to a friend, who sat next him, “ I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those Spanish articles are put, not being used to the London papers.” To which his friend answered, “ Look amongst the robberies.”

A gentleman at a coffeehouse, waiting while it rained very hard, desired the waiter to call a coach : He stood at the door, calling coach ! coach ! None coming, the gentleman, enraged at him, said—Why don’t you go to the stand ? the waiter replied—Yes, sir, if you will lend me your umbrella and boots.

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A gentleman ordered his servant to call him at six o'clock in the morning; but he waked him at four, and when his master asked him the reason of it, he answered—That he came to tell him, that he had still two hours to sleep.

A countryman being in London, a friend of his there, undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable, and deserved observation. One day he tells him, that he would shew him Bedlam: It was accordingly agreed upon; but, instead of that, he carries him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then, that the house was breaking up; and the door being presently opened, the countryman, to his great astonishment, saw several of the members hastening towards it; upon that he immediately takes to his heels, and runs as it were for his life: when being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast—Oh! (cries he) for the Lord's sake don't stop me; yonder's Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose and coming out.

A gentleman travelling on the road, seeing a man standing at a door, asked if he was master of the house—I don't know, he replied, as my wife and I have just quarrel'd; but I'll step in and see. He returned, and told the gentleman he was master; and pray what is your business?—Only, replied the gentleman, to direct me the nearest road to the next town.

One intending to travel, asked a friend of his which was the nearest way to Rome? Why, says he, it is not far to it; for you have no more to do, but to enter in at the gate of lewd life, which leads to the street of tradition, and it will bring you straight to the palace of supremacy, then you are at his holiness' feet, and you may kiss his toe when you please.

A chimney-sweeper's boy had swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London, and while he was tying up the foot, some of the journeymen who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions asked him, what trade his father

ther

ther was? To which the boy very archly replied—What trade? why, my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too; but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard business.

A man once dreamed in his sleep, that he was carried by the devil into a field to dig for gold, where he found a great treasure; so the devil advised him not to take it away with him at present, but cover it over again, and leave some particular mark upon the place, that he might find it another time; What mark says the dreamer, e'en down with your breeches, says the devil, and lay your tail there, no one will look for gold there. The fellow did as he was bid; and when he wak'd, he found in his bed that his dream was out.

A domestic once entering in a fright, the study of his master, who was in deep thought and contemplation, was told by his servant that the house was on fire—Well, said he, inform my wife of it: I do not interfere in household affairs.

A certain lady's footman, having scraped together as much money as would purchase a lottery ticket, had his head filled with the thoughts of the ten thousand pounds; having given a linen waistcoat to the maid to be washed, she found in one of the pockets, the following note:

"As soon as I have got the ten thousand pounds, I'll marry Grace Towers; but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a pot of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar. Then I'll sleep again till ten. Then I'll have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by one, and a good pudding. I'll have a stock of wine, and brandy laid in. In the afternoon, about five, I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch. At ten, a hot supper, of two dishes. If I am in humour, Grace shall sit down by me, and go to bed at twelve."

But alas, at the drawing, poor Robin's ticket came up a blank, and spoiled all his fine scheme of future life.

A fellow walking in the street in a winter night, and seeing a handsome lantern hung out with a candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the servants seeing him, asked him what he meddled with the lantern for?—I crave mercy, says he; I was going to snuff the candle, that I might see to go along.

It was said of a woman of the town, by a rake who knew her, and saw her in a prison, that she had now seen the four ages: the golden one, when her favours would procure her a guinea; the silver one, when they came down to half a crown; the brazen one, when she was not beneath accepting copper; and at length the iron one, now she was reduced to look through a prison window.

A woman burying her fifth husband, a man was counting with his fingers how many she had had, and he said, she made a hand of them all.

Dean Swift discharged a servant only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman: She was very ancient, and on a cold morning, sat at the Deanery-steps a considerable time; during which the dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door, and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her with infinite scorn—His master had something else to mind than her petition. What is that you say, fellow? said the dean, looking out at the window. Come up here. The man tremblingly obeyed him.—He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which he turned to the man, and said—At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, firrah, you have been admonished by me, for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service; so pull off my cloaths, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you.

A bad

A bad painter, who could not sell off his pictures, went into another country, and turned physician: One who went that way knew him again, and asked him, for what reason he went in the habit of a physician? I have a mind, said he, to profess an art, wherein all mistakes are covered by earth.

A certain rotation-office has lately placed over the chairman's seat, a portrait of Justice, represented with the same kind of balance which is commonly used for weighing money; and underneath is inscribed, "Hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale:" To which a wag immediately subjoined,

"But built on Law, the Justice which prevails,

"The bribing guinea weighs in equal scales."

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

A gentleman who in the last Parliament had represented a market-town in Yorkshire, at a late election summoned his old constituents, and frankly told them, "that whatever notions might be entertained of Mr. Fox and his party, he was a friend to their principles, and should adhere to them till he was convinced they were inconsistent with the good of the community."

The electors as freely told the candidate, "they utterly disapproved of his conduct, and were determined to choose a representative whose opinions were conformable to their own." "And this is your resolution?" "Certainly."—"Remember, gentlemen, your Wednesday market is held upon my ground, and you can occupy it no longer than my pleasure will allow. If you *reject* me, depend upon it I will *eject* you; so consider what you are doing."

The good folks felt the force of the argument, and were obliged to elect a member they did not approve. This is not bribery—but certainly we may call it *compulsion*.

Foot (the comic comedian) in one of his comedies, introduces a gentleman endeavouring to persuade a maker of sausages to push for the ministry; but the honest man,

too modest, and too sensible of his own inabilities, declined—"Pshaw!" replied the gentleman, "inability! stuff and nonsense; there is nothing in the world so easy, for one of your profession especially: Continue to act as you have been used to do; mix and jumble all things together—mince your words as you do your meat, it will be thought affability—continue to talk of your cookery; your profession has made you popular, and taught you knavery; in short, my friend, you have every qualification requisite in a minister of state, except—assurance."

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mate to go down and fetch a cann of small beer: Teague knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, by my shoul," says he, "and so while I am going into the cellar, to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind!"

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself: It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—Have we laws, or have we not laws?—If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?"—So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words; "Mr. Speaker—Did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"—Which a-propos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

At one of the meetings in Normandy, a farmer, who had been chosen member for Falaise, being asked what he had to propose to the assembly, answered, "that the first demand

demand he should make would be the destruction of pigeons, rabbits, and monks." The Duke de Coigny, who was present, asking him the reason of his aversion to these animals, he replied, "because pigeons devour our corn as soon as it is sown, the rabbits when it comes up, and the monks when it is ripe and in sheaf."

A taylor, blind of one eye, came home, sooner than his wife expected; and because during his absence she had entertain'd her lover, and could not tell how to convey him out, she bethought herself of this stratagem; she goes to her husband, and takes him about her neck, claps her hand upon his good eye, and tells him, she was dreaming last night, he could see with the other eye; in the mean time her spark slipped out.

On Dress.—I remember a story of a Frenchman, who in order to distinguish himself in the sight of Peter the Great, appeared in a different suit of cloaths, for thirty days, till at length being obliged to wear the same over again, Peter wished him joy, that his taylor had fitted him.—Such is the little regard which persons of sense shew to dress. Our wisdom is best shewn in such apparel as suits our condition.

A man of note, coming from a great dinner, with his head full of sweet vapours of wine, signed an order that was brought to him, which, if he executed, had starved a whole province: he is to be excused, said a jester upon it; for how can a man imagine, upon a full stomach, that people can starve anywhere?

It was the saying of a merry fellow, that in Christendom there were neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough. And when answer was made, that of all these there were rather too great a plenty than any scarcity, he replied, that if there were scholars enough, so many ignorant dunces would not be benefited; if gentlemen enough, so many plebeians would not be rank'd amongst the gentry; and if Jews enough, so many Christians would not profess usury.

A gentleman telling a friend of his, that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge he had
eight

eight hundred a-year, and did not appear to spend above two; your surprize, said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe, I lend two hundred, I spend two hundred, and I loose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my father and mother, who are poor; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it me; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family; and the two hundred I lose, are consumed by my wife in dress and pleasure.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles, "What difference there was between a clock and a woman?" instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

Certain young ladies, walking in the fields, met in their way a shepherd who carried a lamb to the market; one among them coming near, stroak'd him, and said to her companions—Look how pretty he is; he has yet no horns. The shepherd hearing that, replied—"Tis because he is not yet married.

In a country party, during the summer, a young lady of high rank, who knows that she has very handsome legs, declared, in a careless laughing manner, that she would certainly bring short petticoats into fashion the next winter, that the town might see what a pretty ancle she had. "What think you," said she to a certain wit, "of the fashion of short petticoats?" "It is that particular fashion, madam," replied he, "that I admire above all others, and I care not to what *height* it is carried."

A certain great lady passing in her chariot through Covent-Garden, one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel. The spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: The old lady ordering her coachman to stop at the door, called out—My son, my son, never be ashamed at coming out of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.

One

One friend says to another, Come, let us go and see a pretty wench. The reply was—I have shaken such fetters from my heels; and am resolved never to go where I know I shall repent of it afterwards.

A detached party under the Duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a superior party of the French, took them prisoners. When they were brought into the camp, and the duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a conqueror than a captive. The duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him, and said—"If the king your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands."—"The king my master," replied he, "does not stand in need of 50,000 such as me; he only wants *one* man like your grace." Upon which the duke immediately presented him with 10 guineas, and an escort to the French army.

Anecdote of the late Judge Willes.—During a trial on the western circuit, five years since, a witness made use of the word *likewise* very frequently in the course of his examination. His lordship pettishly told him, he did not, he believed, know the meaning of the word *likewise*. "Yes, I do," says the witness, "please your lordship, for I remember your lordship's father, who I believe was a judge."—"Right, fellow," says old Willes. "Yes, my lord," answered the witness, "and you are a judge *also*; but not *like*—wise."

A countryman that lived in London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, If he saw Whitehall? No, says he; nor the Tower? says the other. No, says he; strange, said the other, what could be the reason of it? Why, truly, says he, the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.

A citizen said to a courtier, That he had eased himself of a heavy burden, by paying a sum of money he ow'd; and that he could not apprehend how a man could sleep that was deep in debt. And I, answer'd the courtier,
(who

(who am in debt over head and ears) do very easily apprehend it; and cannot imagine how my creditors can sleep, when they can't but know, that I shall never pay them.

An honest countryman used, out of his daily gains, weekly to buy five loaves; somebody asking him what he did with them? one, says he, I take myself; one I throw away, one I return, and the other two I lend. How d'ye make that out? says t'other presently. That which I take, answered he, is for yown use; the second, which I throw away, is that which I give my mother-in-law; the loaf I return, is for my father; and the other two, which I lend, are those with which I keep my two children, in hopes they will one day return 'em me.

Two men travelling in the country, one asked the other the way to such a place; the other replied, when you get to the end of that road, turn to your right-hand, and then to the left, where you will see a parson (meaning a direction post) that will direct you the way they never travel themselves.

A letter lately came to the post office, from a young lady in the country, to a gentleman in London, addressed to Mr.——Bird of Prey street, King of Beasts square; which direction, after puzzling the clerks, was found out to be Eagle street, Red-lion square.

A poor man asking charity of a sailor, importuned very much; the sailor asked him how much he wanted, what you please, replied the beggar; well, says he, give me change for a guinea, you shall have what you please.

Two sailor boys meeting, one asked the other, how often they had prayers on board?—Only, says he, when we expect an engagement. The other replied, our captain will have us up to prayers night and morning, when I can see no occasion for it.

One day when Westminster abbey was filled with spectators, a porter who happened to pass through it, cried out loud enough to be heard by all present—How many lies do these stones contain? This was the observation of a porter. Among other satyrical strokes of this sort, I was told of an epigram, made upon a governor of Gibraltar who

who had raised an immense fortune by that post, and to whom one of the most magnificent monuments in Westminster-abbey has been erected. The epigrammatist, addressing himself to his statue, says—Take care how you quit your post; the devil is watching for you: and from your pedestal you must fall plump into hell.

Anecdote of his present MAJESTY and HANDEL.

It is well known that there was a time when the compositions of Handel were not so popular as they are in our day: nay, it is well remembered, that at the performance of his Messiah, the royal presence could not produce any thing like an audience. The witticisms of Lord Chesterfield on the occasion will not be forgotten. The great composure, however conscious of the real merit of his music, consoled himself with the certainty of that post-humous fame which he now possesses. Indeed, he was once a prophet on this subject; for as he was conducting a morning concert at Leicester-house, when his present Majesty was about four years of age, he was so struck with the attention which the royal boy paid to the music, that he exclaimed to the performers about him—If that young Prince should live to ascend the throne, then will be the æra of Handel's glory. No one will venture to say that his prophecy has not found completion.

At Worcester, there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ: a remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ blower, when all was over, said, I think we have performed mighty well to day: We performed! answered the organist; I think 'twas I performed, or I am much mistaken.

Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be play'd. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist crys out in a passion, why don't you blow? The fellow on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and said—shall it be *we* then?

The Jew counsell'd.—One of the sons of Gideon, a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion

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The Jew counsell'd.—One of the sons of Gideon, a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion

religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the son vindicating his choice, replied, that whether he would consent or not, he would marry the lady; and if he refused to give him a proper share of wealth, he would turn Christian, and then he should claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half he possessed. At this answer Gideon was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel, to know whether there was any such law: the counsellor replied that there was, and that his son, upon turning Christian, would obtain half his fortune; "but if you'll make me a present of ten guineas, I'll put you in a way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog shall not be able to obtain a farthing." Gideon, overjoyed, pulled out the money, clapped it into the counsellor's hand, expressing his impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the counsellor returned, with a smile—you have nothing to do, Mr. Gideon, but to turn Christian yourself.

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness, on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just four feet, five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measur'd it.

A house-keeper being a short time since summoned to serve upon the grand jury, under the description of being a hop-merchant, when he came into court, he declared himself ineligible to the office, since he could safely swear he should not be possessed of three hundred pounds, when all his debts was paid; saying the law therefore would not admit of his serving upon the jury. The court expressed some surprise that a man in so capital a line of trade as that of a hop-merchant, should avow himself in such indifferent circumstances; when the party summoned explained

plained the mistake, by saying, that though he had been usually honoured among his convivial friends with the appellation of a hop-merchant, he was in reality nothing more than a dancing-master!

A young gentleman desirous of being admitted into the law, was asked a question by one of the gentlemen of the long robe—"Suppose," says he, "your client had a debt owing him, of nine pounds nineteen shillings, and the plaintiff was going to leave his country, how would you act?" "Why, says the young student, I would lend him another shilling." This answer so well pleased the judges, that they afterwards consulted, and admitted him.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court into another; to whom the client replied,—Let him remove it to the devil, if he pleases; I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it.

A lawyer being sick, made his will, and gave away all his estate to lunatic, frantic, and mad people; and being asked why he did so, replied—From such he had it, and to such he would give it again.

Cardinal Wolsey was first minister of state to Hen. VIII. and in great favour with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the king; but dying in his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. "Had I served my God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, "No, no, Doctor! talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance."—The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied—He should be incorrigible not to improve with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to *dance attendance*."—"Have I so, doctor?" says the earl; "then e'en take the living, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes." The company laughed, but the doctor had most reason.

The best Way to PREFERMENT.

(From a Sermon of Bishop Latimer's.)

There was a patron in England, that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man, to carry them to his master. The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying—"Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice."—"Tush, tush, said he, this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples: I have as good as these in mine own orchard." The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. "Then (replied the priest) desire him to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for." He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. "Marry, quoth he, this is a good apple." The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, and answered, "They are all one apple, I assure you, Sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one taste." "Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it, said the patron; and get you a graft of this tree, and I'll warrant it to you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

A poor, but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and, in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words, "Have patience with me, and I will pay you all." He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, "Have patience; secondly, and

and I will pay you all;" he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue Patience; after which, "And now, says he, having done with my first head, viz. Have patience, I come to my second and last general head, which is, And I will pay you all—but that I must defer to another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

Women proved to have no Souls.

A Scotch clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this obtruse writer an opinion that the sex had no souls, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at their bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly that he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—"In the Revelation of St. John the divine, said he, you will find this passage, 'And there was silence in heaven for about half an hour.' Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place: thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

When Dr. Manton preached before the Lord Mayor of London, at St. Paul's, he had a mind to please the fancies of his hearers, and displaying his judgment and learning, was much admired by the more intelligent; but as he was returning home from dinner, a poor man pulled him by the sleeve of his gown, asked him—If he was the gentleman that preached before the Lord Mayor? He answered, Yes.—Sir, said he, I came with hopes of getting some good to my soul, but I was disappointed;

you was quite above me. The doctor replied, with tears, Friend if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one, and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool to preach before my Lord Mayor in such a manner again.

The following act of generosity, is related in the Irish papers, of the Earl of Bristol: A clergyman in the earl's diocese was possessed of a living in the county of Tyrone, and sometime since died suddenly, leaving a widow and eight children totally unprovided for. His lordship, on receiving intelligence of the same, (although he had not any particular acquaintance with her or her late husband) determined to forward her claims for some provision from the fund established by the clergy of his diocese for such purposes; and on the day of his being informed of her husband's death, remitted her 100 guineas from his private purse, as a present relief.

A fat country parson, who had long dozed over sermons in his pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tythes, to exert himself mightily; his text was "*The patience of Job.*" Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, for the first time acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others.—But more, my jewel, says he, let us refresh ourselves with a cup of the best; remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent? The obedient wife ravished with his good humour, flew to the cellar, but alas! the barrel was staved and quite empty; what should she do? There was no hiding.—My dear, said she, with despair in her eyes, what a sad accident has happened! I am sorry, replied the parson, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with Christian patience—but where is the beer all this while? Alack a-day that is the very thing; how it has happened I cannot understand, but it is all running on the ground.—What do pious resolutions avail when the hour of temptation comes? The parson fell into a violent passion, exclaimed, &c.—My life, says she,
do

do but reflect upon your sermon; think of the patience of Job.—Job, said he, don't talk to me of Job's patience; Job never had a barrel of such beer!

“ *A passion that engrosses the mind,
Leaves no room for any other.*”

A Roman Catholic gentleman went a partridge shooting along with a Protestant neighbour of his on a fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your *good sort* of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red-herring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs: But just as he had put it into his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—What a noise here is about a bit of bacon! He foolishly fancied now, the sin was in his eating the bacon. No such matter: it was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own superstitious principles.

Dean Swift used to say—I hate Lent, I hate different diets, and frumity with butter, and herb-porridge, and the four devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks.

The bigotry of the Roman Catholic priests, and the little regard they pay to truth in their arguments, is happily illustrated in the following anecdote:—A gentleman of the Calvinistic persuasion, who was travelling through that part of France, more immediately adjoining the Alps, happened to dine one day where several of the neighbouring clergy had assembled, and who, after dinner, joined company with, and engaged the traveller in a controversy, of which religion was the subject; he proposed some questions which rather irritated them, when one of

them, with the air of a man who was about to *non plus* his antagonist, suddenly pronounced this vigorous apostrophe — Your Calvin, indeed! What name will you give him when you are informed, that he still owes fifteen-pence to the descendants of an innkeeper, who wrote it down in his pocket-book, whence it never has been erased? This dexterous assertion ended the controversy; for all the curates triumphantly applauded the superior skill of their brother, and declared that the fifteen-pence of Calvin, wherever it was known, must unavoidably make the scale preponderate in favour of the Catholic faith, and discover the lightness and inefficiency of the reformed religion!

His present Majesty happened to see the Rev. Dr. **** at the play, expressed some surprise at seeing a divine at such representation; Sire, replied the doctor, I am not ashamed at appearing in any place, where the head of the church thinks proper to be present.

A barber who generally maves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lesson, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; the barber suddenly started and turned pale, and with tears cried out, It that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my poor soul! This honest barber thought that every earthly possession, and enjoyment should be parted with, rather than violate conscience, and forfeit integrity.

The late Dr. Doddridge had a tolerable knack at a poetical *Jeu d'Esprit*. One of his students, who had made himself half mad with profound mathematical investigation, had conceived (with Bishop Wilkins) an idea of going to the moon. The young philosopher of the academy constructed (in fancy) a huge globe, which, by the means of an air-pump, he had rendered specifically lighter than the air; with this he became buoyant, and *sails* (like the Devil

Devil in Milton's *Paradise lost*) *between worlds and worlds!*
 This whimsical scheme tickled the merry humour of Dr.
 Doddridge, and he immediately wrote the following epi-
 gram:—

And will *Volantio* leave this world so soon,
 To seek his native country in the *moon*?
 At least 'twill stand him in some little stead,
 That he goes thither with an *empty head*.

This phantom or theory has been proved, in reality and
 practise by Lunardi and others, now well known to the
 world.

BEARDS TAKIN OF AND REGISTURD!

By ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

*Barber, Peri-wig-maker, Surgeon, Parish clark, School-master,
 Blacksmith, and Man-widwife.*

Shaves for a penne, cuts hare for two-pense, and oyld
 and powdird into the bargin. Young ladys genteely
 edicated in reding, righting, &c. Lamps lited by the hear
 or quarter. Young gentlemen also taut there grammer
 langwage in the neatest maner, and great kear taken of
 their morels and spelin. Also, same singing and horse
 shewing by the real maker! likewise makes and mends all
 sorts of Butes and shoes, teches the Ho! boy and Jews
 harp, cuts corns, bledes and blisters on the lowest terms;
 glisters and purgins at a penne a peace. Cowtillions and
 other dances taut at hoam and abroad. Also, deals hole-
 sale and retale—Pisfumary in all its branchis. Sells all
 sorts of stationary wair, together with blacking balls, red
 herrins, gingerbred and cole. Scrubbin brushes, treycle,
 mouce traps, and other sweetmetes. Likewise, godfathers
 cordal, red rutes, tatoes, sassage, and other gardin stuff,
 with the best tobacco by the ream, quire or single sheat,
 and so on.

P. S. I teaches joggrefy, and them out-landish kind of
 things.—A bawl on Wenfsdays, and Frydays. All pir-
 formed (God willin)

By Me, ISAAC FAC-TOTUM.

N. B. Also

N. B. Also, likewise, beware of counterfeits; for such is abroad.

* * I his the only origanel inventor of that famousst licker so much in woge called cuckholds cumfert or arts heafe—If you wont believe me—ax the landlord and he will give you a glafs to taste—but you must give him the money for it first O!

Why a GARDENER is the most extraordinary Man in the World.

Because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chuses good grounds for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*. He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state. He makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies*. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do; but makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife has enough of *lad's love* and *heart's ease*, and she never wishes for *weeds*. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him: he walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *consumption*. His greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

The Poor Man and Poverty.

Two brothers one rich, the other poor by a large family, for which he determined at last to try his fortune abroad, so set out on his journey, and as he was walking he saw behind him a tall meagre woman following him; at last he spoke to her, and enquired why she followed him so close? she replied—My name is Poverty, and I shall follow you wheresoever you go. Aye, says he, but I will bury you first; which he did, and returned home again, telling his wife he had buried Poverty. He began then to thrive and get rich, and was happy. The other brother one day called to see him, to know how he got so much money. Why, says he, I have buried Poverty.—Have you, replied he, I'll go and dig her up—So you may, replied the other, which

which he did; and now, says Poverty to him, for this kindness, I'll follow you as long as you live: That at last the rich brother became poor, and the poor brother as rich as an esquire.—*Such is dame Fortune to them that seek her.*

Ship news extraordinary.

Anecdote of a mariner in the late war.—On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Loyalist, of 22 guns, then in the Chesapeak, became a party in that disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet—of that fleet the Ardent, captured off Plymouth, made one; but was then in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the carpenter of the Loyalist was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the nature of the chain-pump, of which the French are ignorant, ordered him on board the Ville de Paris, and addressed him thus: "Sir, you are to go on board the Ardent directly; use your utmost skill and save her from sinking, for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy—to this I pledge my honour. On refusal, you will during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only." The tar surprized on being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, "Noble Count, I am your prisoner—it is in your power to compel me—but let it never be said that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and country; and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy; your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." We are sorry to add, that he was treated with extreme severity by the French in consequence of this behaviour. On his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the Sybil.

There is something so truly quaint and characteristic of an English sailor in the following dying speech of Henry Boddy, who was executed at Bath by the sentence of the bloody Jeffreys, in James the second's reign, that I cannot help transcribing it:

"I was

"I was born, says Boddy, at Lyme in Dorsetshire, and was bred up a seaman from my infancy; I have had the honour to serve his majesty King Charles the second, in his wars with the Dutch and French divers times. I always thought it the duty of an Englishman to stand up in his country's quarrels with foreigners, to maintain our ancient privileges, and the honour of our nation. I served him faithfully; and as for my undertaking with the Duke of Monmouth, for which I am now come to suffer death, why do you see, my design was good; for I believe him to be my Sovereign's son and heir: but if otherwise, and I have done amiss, I am sorry for it; while I was in arms, I am sure no man can say I did him harm, and I desire all your prayers for me to the last. I am no orator, and therefore (speaking to the priest) *do these last spiritual things for me.*" The priest then asked him, whether he owned the doctrine of non-resistance claimed by the church, and that it was unlawful to take up arms against the king? O Sir, as to that, said Boddy, "if I had been sure he had been my lawful King, I should not have done it." But, said the minister, he is, and you are not to be judge; and except you own these things, some people will hardly have charity for you after you are dead. "What matters that?" replied the tar, "would you have me, now you put it so close, to lie? No, I will not; I say, if he was my lawful king, I was misled, and have committed a great error, so desire to be asked no more questions. I hope for mercy, and that you will all pray for me; so turn me off."—What a fine fellow to serve any King, and what a curse had King James to have such a murdering bloody-minded chief justice in his service!

The Battle of ROSBACH.

Whether Lord Chatham was a poet or not, he was certainly one of the greatest orators of the age. After the famous battle of Rosbach, in which the Prince de Soubise and Saxe Hilburghausen were defeated, he (then Mr. Pitt) spoke of that battle as follows: "Religion, with indignant look, marched in the van, Liberty flew along the ranks, and inflamed the zeal of the warriors, while the
Omni-

Omnipotent Jehovah thundered through the embattled regions, and their enemies lay vanquished at their feet."

A friar, who was going to sea, was told not to be afraid in a tempest as long as the sailors swore and blasphemed; but as soon as they began to embrace, ask pardon, and take a last farewell of each other, he might then with reason tremble. The friar had not been long at sea before a storm came on; and, as he was very fearful, he kept sending a novice of his order, from time to time, upon deck, to listen to the discourse of the sailors. At first they only talked louder than ordinary; but at last they broke out into their usual oaths. "Oh Lord!" said the novice, "we must all perish, father! these wretches are cursing and blaspheming; it would make you shudder to hear them."—"God be praised!" said the friar, "God be praised, we are safe enough; I hope they will continue to blaspheme!"

A sea captain was saying, his great grandfather, grandfather, and father, died at sea. Says one to him, If I were as you I would never go to sea for that trick. Why says he, where did all your relations die? He answered, in their beds. Well, replied he, if I were as you, for the same reason I would never go into bed.

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Anecdote of an event, which occurred in common life, but is most strikingly odd and singular; especially with respect to those who think and act like the vulgar.

A collection was made, to build the hospital of Bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open; from the entry, they overheard an old man scolding the servant-maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting that the match, having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might be of further service. After diverting themselves awhile with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they told him the cause of their coming, he went
into

into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, which they little expected, could not help testifying their surprise; and told the old fellow what they had heard. "Gentlemen, said he, your surprize is occasioned by a thing of very little consequence. I keep house, and save or spend money my own way: the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts."—When he had spoken thus, he turned them out of his house without ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking half so much of the four hundred guineas, which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire. Such is the influence of the national character in England, that the people know no medium between prodigality and the most rigid œconomy. Thus the parsimonious find means, by their frugality, to bear the expence of all our public foundations and erections.

Literary Anecdotes.

The late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence into the business of every stranger.—The doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the disposition of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, so he was determined to stop him. "Have you a wife, landlord?" "Yes, Sir." "Pray let me see her." Madam was introduced with much form. "How many children have you?" "Four, Sir." "I should be happy to see them." The children

children were fought and introduced. "How many servants have you?" "Two, Sir; a man and a woman." "Pray fetch them." When they came, the doctor asked if there was any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to them with much solemnity: "My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself: my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am printer, of ——— years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any farther particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you: which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace."

Priestley and the Jews have not yet come to a general opinion on the subject of their controversy. The doctor, it is plain, though not an orthodox Christian, will not become a Jew; and Levi, though so candid a champion for Judaism, appears by no means to feel the strength of his antagonist's arguments sufficiently to give us any hopes of his proving a voluntary convert to Christianity. For this reason we wish all such controversies to end sooner than is generally the case; for,—as Pope said to Dr. Clarke, when the latter was proving with great vehemence the weakness of the Roman Catholic Religion—each of the disputants always may exclaim, "If we talk thus to eternity, we may indeed excite mutual enmity, but our first tenets will continue exactly the same."

Anecdote of Allan Ramsay. He was a barber in Edinburgh; and those sonnets, &c. attributed to him, are not of his composition. Allan Ramsay was a lively fellow; he sung a good catch, and he scribbled rhymes, which drew the attention of the students of the colleges towards him; and they persuaded Allan to commence poet, promising to supply him from time to time with matter. This humour succeeded both with the scholars and the barber, till at length Allan began to be so famed, that he was universally complimented for his abilities; and the students, on the other hand, enjoyed the jest, to think how well they imposed on the judgment of the world.—Thus, with the bor-

rowed plumes of the peacock, did this literary jack-daw strut forth, and at last established that reputation to which he had no right.

Doctor Goldsmith and Doctor Moore.

The late Dr. Goldsmith was in company where one of the party produced an elegant manuscript poem by Miss Aikin, (now Mrs. Barbauld) highly complimentary of the doctor's genius and abilities, with which the bard was much delighted. The company then launched out into very lavish encomiums on the merit of Miss Aikin, which was so unpleasant to the envious spirit of Goldsmith, that, forgetting the expressions of approbation and complacency he had just uttered, he began to criticise the poem with the keenest severity, and endeavoured to prove that it had no kind of poetical merit whatever. So much did his dislike of a rival in poetic fame exceed his relish for a well-turned compliment on his own abilities.

Few men have had more remarkable good fortune than Dr. Moore, who is just now raised to the metropolitan see of Canterbury. When he was a young man, at Oxford, one of the Duke of Marlborough's family applied to the master of the college where he studied, to be recommended to a tutor to some of the duke's children. The master mused for some time. "Why," says he, "we have several young men who are very well qualified for such a department;" and whilst he was recollecting whom he should pitch upon, Mr. Moore happened to pass by. "There," says he immediately, "is a young man that will suit you extremely well." Whereupon he was called in, obtained the employment, and acquitted himself so well therein, that the duke exerted his interest to obtain him a bishoprick, and got him placed in the see of Bangor in 1774; and the late vacancy of prime-minister, occasioning the duke's influence with his sovereign to receive no counteracting force, he procured for his friend this first rank in the church. Thus are great events brought about by little causes!

Anecdote

Anecdote of the Earl of Southampton.

When Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer *zol.* Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another *zol.*" Proceeding still, he said, "Give him *zol.* more." But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on, I shall be ruined.

On Generosity. In an assembly the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon a new publication, which was highly praised by a nobleman, who had just perused it. A person in company, understanding, from what the nobleman said, that he was a stranger to the author, went in quest of him, knowing him to be hard by, and introduced him to the nobleman; at the same time, intimating, that he stood in need of pecuniary assistance. His lordship coldly told the author, that he liked the work very well, and, drawing out his purse, made him a present of it: The author received it with as much indifference as it was given. I followed him, and saw him reckon the contents, which only amounted to sixty-two guineas.—Such generosity to assist indigence; to relieve those who have suffered by unforeseen losses; and to contribute to the execution of designs tending to public utility, deserves our warmest praise.

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated *Naval Review of Portsmouth* made so much noise in the world; one of the gentlemen of the theatre after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the GREEN ROOM, whipt open his waistcoat; the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened, by observing, *the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a Naval Review without going to Portsmouth.*

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patrols, and asked where he was going; he being intoxicated with liquor, told them—He came from where

they would liked to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their cars. They then asked his name and where he lived—My name, says he, is seven-and-twenty shillings, and where I live is out of the king's dominions. Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patroles. Upon which he said—Pleafe your worship, I was at a punch-house where I had good liquor, that made me say they would wish to be there, and my going home was to my wife, where they had no right to come, and my name is Moidore, I live in Little-Britain. Which answer so well pleased the justice, that he was discharged immediately.

The contented porter. A porter one day resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and “wished he had five hundred pounds.” “Why,” says a gentleman who was passing by, “I will give you five hundred pounds;—and now what will you do with it?” “Oh,” says the porter, “I will soon tell you what I will do with it: First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg every morning for my breakfast.” “Well, and what time will you get up?” “Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now.” “Well, what will you do after breakfast?” “Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.” “And what will you have for dinner?” “Why, I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoke a pipe.” “Well, and then perhaps you will take a nap.” “May be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper.” “Well, and what will you have for supper?” “I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or else I will have a Welch-rabbit, and another full pot of beer.” “Well, and then?” “Why, then I will go to bed, to be sure.” “Pray, how much now may you earn a-week by your business?” “Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a-week.” “Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?” “I do not know, master, I have been thinking so.” “Well then, let me propose a scheme

to you." "With all my heart, master." "Cannot you do all this every day as you are, and employ your time into the bargain?" "Why really so I can, master, I think; and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

HIPPESLEY'S DRUNKEN MAN,
*Altered by Mr. LEE LEWIS, and as spoken by him at the
 Royalty Theatre.*

So, here I am after all, thanks to a strong brain, a steady gait, and a sober understanding; the rascals thought to have sent me home drunk, but I came away as sober as I'd wish to be: I can't think what pleasure people take in getting drunk, it only serves to rob a man of his understanding, and makes words totally un-in-tether-in-tetherable——Betty, Betty, bring me a pint of half and half, put it into one mug, and be sure you don't mix it, do you hear!——well, now I'll sit down a little, and then I'll go to bed; why the back of this chair is behind, and that's more than ever I saw before—what have we got here? the newspaper! well, let us see——(reads) "yesterday
 "as a certain great personage was going in his chaise to
 "Windfor, he fell asleep with the candle in his hand,
 "and set fire to the bed curtains"——Well, that might have happened, and all from the carelessness of the driver.——(reads again) "Extract of a letter from
 "Rome: a few weeks ago, his holiness the Pope, was
 "brought to bed of twins"—that's a damn'd lie.—(Reads again) "On Saturday next, the little Manager in the Hay-
 "Market, will shut up his Theatre,"—well, that's tit for tat, he has done all he can to shut up another Man's Theatre, and now he's obliged to shut up his own.—(Reads again) "The Theatre in Drury-lane, will open on Saturday next, with the School for Scandal, and the Quaker."—why that's a-propos enough, they have acted scandalously, and now are quaking for fear,——(Reads again)
 "On Monday, the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, will
 "open with the Merry Wives of Windfor; or the humours of Sir John Falstaff,"—why, that's a-propos too,

for they have been leaning upon a *false-staff* all along.—
 (Reads again) “deserted about the beginning of June
 “last, Mr. Quick, comedian,”—deserted! why I never
 knew he was a foldier;—Oh! deserted from the Royalty
 Theatre I suppose they mean.—(Reads again) “Yef-
 “terday two gentlemen of property at the east end of the
 “town were forced out of Covent-garden Theatre for
 “hissing, and carried before Sir Sampson Wright, who
 “found out they were right, told he did not at first *Ford*
 “into the business, but now he was able to *Dive* into it; he
 “perceived a small—*Coleman* was at the bottom of it, was
 “sorry they had been so *Harris’d* and *Quick*—ly discharg-
 “ed ’em.”——(Rises) I went to dine with my Lord
 what-d’-ye-call-um yesterday, and he took me to the race-
 ground to see his horse run, so he lost the first heat and
 won the second; so, says I, my Lord, I give you joy; Joy
 of what? says he, why your horse is come in first at last,
 —first at last, says my Lord, what do you mean?—why he
 came in behind before.——I ask’d a friend the other day
 to go along with me to see the play of Hamlet Prince of
 Dunkirk—Hamlet Prince of Dunkirk, says he? I never
 hear’d of such a man, and I have got all the Roman Empe-
 rors in my closet at home, but I don’t know any of their
 names that begin with an H. except it be Titus Vespasian.
 ——An odd accident happened in my family the other
 day; the coachman and the cook quarrelled about who
 had travelled farthest; so in the scuffle the cook pushed the
 coachman into the dripping-pan, Damn me, says the coach-
 man, but I have travelled farther than you, for I have been
 into Greece, and so he had, for he was all over grease.
 ——I don’t suppose there is a man happier than I am
 in a family—I have as good a wife as man would wish to
 part with—and as fine children as a man wou’d desire to
 stick a knife into—there’s my little boy Tom, he writes
 two very fine hands, one he can’t read himself, and the
 other nobody else can read for him;—my boy Bill, had a
 terrible accident happened to him the other day, in turn-
 ing round the corner of a street; he run against a lawyer,
 and has never been able to speak a word of truth since;—
 my

my little daughter Sall is a sensible slut; she was in the kitchen the other day, and her mother was taking a red hot iron out of the fire, to put into the heater, the child clapt her hand upon it, and damn me, if she did not take it away without bidding;—she's so sharp, I don't think she can live long—she spent a week with the parson of the parish some time ago, and curse me, if she did not mend his black stockings with white worsted, and sent the parson hopping to church like a magpie.——Where the devil shall I hide my money to night, my wife always searches for it?—Oh! I'll put it in the bible, she never looks there! tho' she's very fond of the whole duty of man too:—she's very pious, she knocks off the heels of her shoes a Saturday night, that she mayn't go to church of a Sunday.—Betty, Betty, that damn'd jade goes up stairs forty times a-day, and never comes down again.—Betty, I say Betty.

The Story of the Scarlet Wig.

A gentleman once was called upon the jury at the Old Bailey, but he being distressed in circumstances resolved to turn upon the road to mend his fortune, upon which he ordered his barber to make him a scarlet wig, which he wore, and robbed two gentleman; after which he threw the wig away. A countryman with his team travelling the road picked it up, and admiring it, throws of his cap and put on this scarlet wig, thinking it was the fashion in London; he soon after arrived in town, and the two gentlemen who were robbed seeing the countrymen, immediately took him into custody, supposing him to be the man who robbed them: he was brought up to the Old Bailey for trial, and sworn to by the two gentlemen. The real highwayman was on the jury, who thought it cruel he should suffer, fee'd the counsel—and says to the countryman, "Let me have the wig—there," says he, to the two gentlemen, "who was it robbed you?" "Oh!" says the two gentlemen, "it was you—you are the man, we are sure." And says the judge to them, "What! the gentleman on the jury; why, you will say it was me, if I
put

put it on; you have already sworn to one, and now you want to swear to another—turn them out of court, or they will swear to me next.” They even lose their cause.

A Prodigy. The well-known Mr. George, son to the French governor of St. Domingo, realises all the accomplishments attributed by Boyle and others, particularly the adventurer, to the admirable Crichton of the Scotch. He is so superior at the sword, that there is an edict of the parliament of Paris to make his engagement in any duel actual death. He is the first dancer in the world. He plays upon seven instruments of music beyond most artists. He speaks twenty-six languages, and can maintain public thesis in each. He walks round the various circles of human science like the master of each; and strange to be mentioned to white men, he is a Mulatto, and the son of an African mother.

Advertisement literally copied from a Scotch Paper.

Whereas my wife, Mary Macdonald, has left me, without any just cause or impediment. She is about fifty years of age, lame of her right leg, red haired, blind of an eye, and snivels a little. It is supposed she went off with one Robert Joiner, an ill-looking fellow. If she returns to the arms of her disconsolate husband, she shall be received with kindness, and no questions asked.

Of Advertisements. A collection of those which are most characteristic, as a hair-dresser and perfumer, who was lately a journeyman, has now (as I am told) besides a splendid town-house, a villa and a carriage.—We have quacks and quackery in abundance, who cram you with nostrums to fill their pockets, with licence to kill more than cure. Dr. Graham has had his run, and now no more thought of. We have had the dancing dogs and learned pig, &c. Mendoza and Humphries, &c. who deserve no laws to protect them.

Combats. Those horrid scenes of slaughter and blood, the well-known taste of the English, which other nations have banished from their theatres. We are a people as sanguinary as ready to engage in quarrels; in whom a
love

love of carnage equals our pride and insolence; amongst whom tranquillity and security could not be established, except by redoubling precautions, and measures used (as required) for the support of the police. Whatever is not an immediate infraction of the public peace, or has no tendency to endanger the liberty or lives of citizens, does not fall under the cognizance of the police; which of consequence leaves full liberty to the combats that frequently happen between the lower sort of people and sometimes between persons of condition, who, by way of recreation, chuse to engage in a bruising match. It extends even to women, at least among the vulgar, who often endanger their lives, by this malicious spirit. I hope this spirit of ferocity among the lower sort of people will be finally put an end to, and let them reserve their spirit and courage against their natural enemies France, Spain, &c. I shall leave these few serious reflections for your admonition, as not applicable to my Medley of Humour, but of much more consequence to be attended to.

A gentleman calling upon a friend in the city, who was attended by a physician from the west-end of the town, enquired of the doctor, on one of his visits, if he did not find it very inconvenient to attend his friend from such a distance? "Not at all, sir," replied the doctor, "for having another patient in the adjoining street, I can KILL two birds with one stone." "Can you so?" replied the sick man, "then you are too good a shot for me," and dismissed him.

Advertisement.—Wanted, by a very pretty young woman, but a deal in debt—would be glad to marry a member of parliament or a Jew.

Wanted—An handsome housekeeper, just come from the country, would do for any private gentleman; she is willing to enter into the grievous yoke of matrimony, provided she can get into good feeding.

Wanted—A genteel girl, very handsome, with a soft skin, good teeth, sweet breath, at least 5 feet 3 inches high, and not above eighteen. Whoever has such to dispose of, by applying at the bar of the Shakespear's-head tavern,

tavern, Covent-Garden, may hear of something to her advantage.

A curious Advertisement on a Card, as follows :

Any gentleman inclined to go to Mr. Palmer's, Royalty Theatre, this evening, in a hackney-coach, may hear of two very agreeable young ladies as companions, at the Garrick's-head coffeehouse, Mary-le-Bone.

N. B. As Don Juan is to be performed, it will be necessary to set out early. Please to enquire for Miss Charlotte Ranger and Miss Lip-trap ; both lovers of theatrical entertainments.

Wanted immediately, four dozen young men, and one dozen young women, willing to marry to advantage, and to have a settlement—to go to Botany-bay.

N. B. The marriage ceremonies will be performed (gratis) by Mr. George Barrington. Also good encouragement given to bringers of young recruits, who may chuse to enter into this honourable service : For further particulars apply at the Sessions-house in the Old-Bailey.

Leap-year.—Several young ladies of character and liberal education, who are embarrassed in their situations, and under grievous bondage by parents, guardians, and tutors, wish to put themselves under the protection of some young gentlemen of honour, liberal minds and disposition. It is to be hoped no gentleman will presume to make offer of his services, who is not upon honour and secrecy.

N. B. As the above is a general advertisement, we recommend the gentleman to look among his friends and acquaintance, to find the object of his choice, who waits only to be asked. She will not give him a denial the third time.

Also, a list of females, young and handsome, to be disposed of to the best bidder : Enquire at any of the register offices in town.—I remember an instance of four-score young women applying after a place, (I believe, lady's-maid) and the lady could not condescend to accept one, out of so large a surplus!—*Such is the misfortune of young women wanting husbands.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman's Profession of LOVE to a young Lady.

—Oh, Celia! my passion of love, is that
 I love you more than a mother loves her child;
 I love you more than all the world beside.
 I love you more in waking or a dream;
 I love you more than schoolboys do a theme.
 I love you more than music, song, or dance;
 I love you more than all the girls in France!
 I love you more than Elliot does a fight;
 I love you more than Johnson did to write.
 I love you more than lawyers do a fee;
 I love you more than ladies do their tea.
 I love you more than counsellors a suit;
 I love you more than all the summer fruit.
 I love you more than ministers to rule;
 I love you more than some to play the fool.
 I love you more than alderman a gown;
 I love you more than all the girls in town.
 I love you more than going to a ball,
 I love you more than dining in a hall;
 I love you more than wine or any drink,
 I love you more than your mama can think.
 I love you more when they to church you bring;
 I love you more when you accept the ring.

“ Love warms my fancy with enliv’ning fires,
 “ Refines my genius, and my verse inspires!
 “ Blushes, a woman’s passions may reveal;
 “ But men their passions by their words shou’d tell.”

The Lady's ANSWER to the Gentleman.

Your profession of love, sir, I believe to be true;
 Your love I esteem as I most value you.
 Your love warms your breast with ardent desires,
 Your love and your verse my own bosom inspires;
 Your love I may hope has no amorous snare,
 Your love it in different shapes does appear.
 Your love, free as air, at sight of me dies;
 Your love too, has wings, in a moment it flies.

Your

Your love it is pretty, tho' it's my plague;
 Your love to me's more than the sultan or slave.
 Your love for to wed—be it so with me;
 Your love and my love, I believe may agree.
 Your love for to please—you can easy persuade
 Your love to prove true—is to-morrow obey'd.
 Your love, if it's constant, you in me will find
 Your love to make happy in wish and in mind.
 Your love, sir, I've answer'd—so dear love, adieu!
 Your love and my love by rite does prove true.

“ Love's an heroic passion, which can find
 “ No room in any base degen'rate mind:
 “ It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
 “ To make the lover worthy his desire.”

A Young Lady's Wish in Marriage.

If I am doom'd the marriage chain to wear,
 Kind Heaven propitious be to this my prayer,
 That he whom I am fated to obey,
 May kindly govern, by a gentle sway;
 May his good sense improve my best of thoughts,
 And his good nature smile at all my faults.
 Still let me find possess'd by the dear youth,
 The best good manners, the sincerest truth;
 Unblemished be his honour and his fame,
 And let his actions merit, his good name.
 I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
 For troubles always on the wealthy wait;
 And life's so very short, I would not spare,
 The smallest part to throw away on care:
 Be this my fate, If I am made a wife,
 Or keep me happy in a single life.

On TRUE HAPPINESS.

Long have I sought, the wish of all,
 True happiness to find;
 Which some will wealth—some pleasure call;
 And some a virtuous mind.

Suffi-

Sufficient wealth to keep away,
 Of want the doleful scene,
 And joy enough to gild the day,
 And make life's course serene.
 Virtue enough, to ask the heart,
 Art thou secure within?
 Hast thou perform'd an honest part,
 Hast thou no private sin!

This to perform, these things possess,
 Must raise a noble joy;
 Must constitute that happiness,
 Which nothing can destroy.

ODE on the Power of GOLD.

Love's a pain that works our woe,
 Not *to love* is painful too;
 But, alas! the greatest pain,
 Waits the love that meets disdain.
 What avails ingenuous worth,
 Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
 All these virtues useless prove,
 Gold alone engages love.
 May he be compleatly curst,
 Who the sleeping mischief first,
 Wak'd to life, and vile before,
 Stamp'd with worth the fordid ore.
 Gold creates in brethren strife;
 Gold destroys the parents life;
 Gold produces civil jars,
 Murders, massacres, and wars,
 But the worst effect of gold,
 Love, alas! is bought and sold.

Twelve rational Questions, with the Answers.

Which is the land of liberty?	England.
Which is the first city in the world?	London.
Who is the poorest man in the world?	A niggard.
Who is the meanest of all mankind?	A liar.
For what do all young women long for?	A ring.
E	Wha

What would every married woman do if she could ?	} Rule.
What makes a woman cry more than the loss of her husband ?	} An onion.
What makes a young woman in love with an old man ?	} Gold.
What should a man never take from the woman he loves ?	} A denial.
What must that man be, who would gain the esteem of all ?	} Generous.
Who is he that seeks a man's company, when his money and friends are all gone ?	} A dun.
What do good men revere and knaves abuse ?	} Religion.

Necessary Qualifications for the promoting at all times the Glory, honour, and prosperity of the BRITISH EMPIRE.

The king should possess wisdom to direct the council, and paternal affection for his people.

The queen—virtue and gentleness.

The heir apparent—cautious in the choice of his friends, assiduous in his studies to acquire the art to govern well.

Royal children—innocency.

Archbishops—zealous in good works.

Lord chancellor—of profound judgment, as a rock of defence.

Privy Council—wise, faithful, and secret.

House of commons—guardian of the rights of the people.

Bishops—watchful shepherds.

Clergy—examples of piety.

Merchants—diligence and probity.

Army and navy—courage and good discipline.

Magistrates—discerning and impartial.

Lawyers—able and honest.

Physicians—skilful, attentive, and humane.

Tradesmen—honest in weight and measure.

Husbands—careful and tenderness.

Wives—prudent and faithful.

Batche-

Batchelors, maids, and widows—chastity.
 Apprentices and servants—diligence and faithfulness.
 All people in general should possess—wisdom.

The state of OLD ENGLAND, at the present time.

Public spirit—reviving.
 The people—still oppressed, and not redressed.
 Manufactures—drooping by French policy.
 Poverty—universal by taxes.
 The constitution—much impaired by the loss of America.
 Religion—reviving by king and council.
 Men—daily disgracing law and gospel.
 Women—studying infidelity.
 Ministry—oppressors of the people.
 Clergy and bishops—indolent and lazy.
 Lawyers—treacherous and knavish.
 Gaming—by defrauding of creditors.
 Bankrupts—increasing by bad payments.
 Industry—not encouraged by honest labour.
 Celibacy—preferred before marriage.
 Modesty—in the fair sex little thought of.
 Ebriety—in the men, prevalent.
 Humility—unfashionable.
 Servants—taught pride by their superiors.
 Quakers—wanting explicitness.
 All sects in religion—wanting sincerity.

All men should be—temperate, generous, loyal, and just.

THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH NATION.

Written by a Gentleman, who resided many years in France.

The French in general are vain, trifling, changeable, and insincere.

Too vain to approve any but themselves.
 Too trifling to think deeply, or act nobly.
 Too changeable to be capable of true esteem.
 Incapable of true friendship, therefore insincere.
 Good-nature—selfish.
 Virtue—in theory.

Knowledge—borrowed.
 Humanity and liberality—on their lips.
 Courage—in their honour.
 Magnificence—at court.
 Strength—in their numbers.
 Religion—cloistered.
 Riches—in appearance.
 Impartiality—not to be found.
 Cleanliness—no where.
 Learning in a few, and dissipation in all.
 If friendly—imposed upon by them.
 Their merits: Ingenious, sober, social, and obliging.

RIDDLES *in* REAL LIFE.

Is it not a riddle, that a man with a place of sixty pounds a-year under the government, can live like a gentleman who has a freehold of three hundred a-year?

Is it not a riddle, that a man who is a bankrupt, and has delivered up upon oath all his effects to his creditors, shall within a year, perhaps, be a greater man than ever, and may ride in his coach?

Is it not a riddle, how young people, at first setting off in life, without a halfpenny, (comparatively speaking) shall live as if they had ever so large a fortune, keep country-houses, horses, dogs, &c.?

Is it not a riddle, that when one man has injured another, it should be looked upon as a point of honour, and the way to retrieve his character, by sending him out of the world, or by making him his murderer?

Is it not a riddle, how a man can bow and cringe to any great man, say, do, and swear any thing he bids him, right or wrong; and yet this man be looked upon as an honest man, and all to procure a place or a pension?

Is it not a riddle, that many of our ladies, who are modest, sober women, should admit into their company men of the vilest principles, and worst of characters, and should prefer the greatest rakes for husbands to men of virtue and sobriety?

Is it not a riddle, that a man should live the most wicked

ed and debauched life upon earth, and yet expect to go to heaven when he dies?

Is it not a riddle, that provisions of every kind should be so excessively dear, when Providence blesses us with plenty, and we have more than we can consume fairly and honestly?

Is it not a riddle, that we should encourage foreign manufactories to the prejudice of our own, so as to oblige our poor to fly to distant parts for support?

Is it not a riddle, that tradesmen who can give their daughters little or nothing, should breed them up at boarding-schools, where they learn nothing but insolence and extravagance of every kind, love of pleasure, dress and intrigue, and yet expect that honest young tradesmen should marry them, in expectation of having notable wives?

A Lesson for FREEMASONS. By a Brother.

The various instruments which we of this profession make use of, are all emblematical or picturesque of the conduct of life we ought to persevere in.

The RULE directs us to observe punctually every gospel duty; to press forward in the direct path, neither inclining to the right nor left hand, for the sake of any transient amusement or gratification whatever; it forbids us to give into the least inclination or propensity into the curve of life, and reminds us to beware of the least tendency to a circle, either in religion or morals: not to mind (because they seldom have any other than selfish views) either Outs or Ins in politics; and to have in all our conduct eternity in view.

The LINE should make us pay the strictest attention to that LINE of duty which was given us, or rather which was marked out to us by our great Benefactor and Redeemer. It teaches to avoid all kinds of double dealing, both in conversation and actions; it points out the direct but narrow path that leads to a glorious immortality, and that sincerity in our profession will be our only passport thither.—This line, like Jacob's ladder, connects heaven

and earth together; and, by laying hold of it, we climb up to that place where we shall change this short line of time for the never-ending circle of eternity.

The PLUMB-LINE admonishes us to walk erect and upright in our Christian vocation; not to lean to a side, but to hold the scale of justice in equal poise; to observe the just medium between intemperance and voluptuousness; to fathom the depth of our limited capacities, and to make our several passions and prejudices of education fall plumb in, or coincide with our line of duty.

The SQUARE will teach us to square all our actions by this Gospel rule and line, and to make our whole conduct harmonize with this most salutary scheme. Our behaviour will be regular and uniform, not aspiring at things above our reach, nor pretending to things above the extent of our finite capacities, nor to affect things above what our circumstances can possibly bear. In our expences, therefore, we shall neither ape those that are placed in a more exalted sphere, nor attend so much to the glitter of gold, as to sink beneath our proper station; but we shall observe the golden mean,

*And always to our acres join our sense,
Because 'tis use that sanctifies expence.*

The COMPASSES will inform us, that we should in every station learn to live within proper bounds, that we may thereby be enabled to contribute freely and chearfully to the relief of the necessities and indigencies of our fellow-creatures:—Hence we shall rise to notice, live with honour, and make our exit in humble hopes of compassing what ought to be the main pursuit of the most aspiring genius, a crown of glory.

The LEVEL should advise us, that since we are all descended from the same common stock, partake of the like nature, have the same faith and the same hope through the redemption, which render us naturally upon a level with one another, that we ought not to divest ourselves of the feelings of humanity; and though distinctions necessarily make a subordination among mankind, yet eminence
of

of station should not make us forget that we are men, nor cause us to treat our brethren, because placed on the lowest spoke of the wheel of fortune, with contempt; because a time will come, and the wisest of men know not how soon, when all distinctions, except in goodness, shall cease; and when death, that grand leveller of all human greatness, will bring us to a level at the last. From hence too, the sceptic, the shallow reasoner, and babbling disputer of this world, may learn to forbear the measuring of infinity by the dull level of his own grovelling capacity, and endeavour, by way of atonement for his insults upon every thing that tends to mankind, either good or great, to vindicate the ways of God to man.

From your MALLET and CHISEL, you may likewise know what advantages accrue from a proper education.—The human mind unpolished, like a diamond surrounded with a dense crust, discovers neither its sparkling nor different powers, till the rough external is smoothed off; and beauties, till then unknown, rise full to our view. Education gives what a chisel does to the stone, not only an external polish and smoothness, but discovers all the inward beauties latent under the roughest surfaces. By education our minds are enlarged, and they cannot only range through the large fields of matter and space, but also learn our real duty to God and man:

Your TROWEL will teach you, that nothing is united and knit together without proper cement. No strict union, nor external polish, can be made without it.—And as the trowel connects each stone together, by a proper disposition of the cement; so charity, that bond of perfection, and of all social union, (which I earnestly recommend to you all), links separate minds and various interests together, and, like the radii of a circle, that extends from the centre to every part of the circumference, makes each member have a tender regard for the real welfare of the whole community. But as some members will be refractory in every society, your HAMMER will likewise teach you how to use becoming discipline and correction towards such like offenders. If they will not submit to
rule,

rule, you may strike off the excrescences of their swelling pride, till they sink into a modest deportment. Are they irregular in their practices? Your HAMMER will instruct you to strike off each irregularity, and fit them to act a decent part on the stage of life. Do any affect things above their station? Your HAMMER will teach you to press them down to their proper level, that they may learn in the school of discipline, that necessary knowledge—to be content.

What the HAMMER is to the workman, that enlightened reason is to the passions in the human mind: it curbs ambition, that aspires to its own and neighbour's hurt; it depresses envy, moderates anger, checks every rising frailty, and encourages every good disposition of the soul; from whence must arise that comely order, that delightful self-complacency,

- *Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy;*
- *The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy.*

Heraldry of Names and Professions in London.

A diligent observer will often be amused, by the happy union of professions with names, and of those who pride themselves on the consequence of name, and pride of blood.

We cannot but be sensible of the origin of most of our English names, which have any meaning at all, are borrowed from the lowest objects, mechanics, tradesmen, &c. to furnish family consequence and family arms.—Such as Smith, Mason, Dyer, Gardiner, Turner, Taylor, Glover, Painter, &c. Almost all kinds of fishes, birds, and beasts, are also to be found amongst us, as Buck, Fox, Lamb, Bull, Hog, Duck, Gosling, Hawke, Sprat, Herring, Crabb, Salmon, &c. The four quarters of the wind, East, West, North, and South. Almost all colours of the rainbow are appropriated to the same purpose, as Green, Grey, Brown, Black, &c. Even the different parts of our habitation furnish us with a number of names, as Hall, Wall, Locke, Key, Lane, Street, &c. Some parts of the
body

body serve for the same end, as Head, Foote, Legge, Hand, &c.

There are a variety of other names, as Rich, Poor, Sharpe and Blunt, Long and Short, Walker and Ryder, Swift and Onslow; and other names who have chused their heraldry and residence suitable to their profession or trades, as

Mr. Goodluck the prize-conjurer.

Mr. Makepiece, taylor, Cloth-Fair.

The Rev. Mr. Smallpage, Sermon Lane.

Mr. Halfpenny, Silver Street, Golden Square.

Mr. Bird, gunsmith, Mark Lane.

Mr. Buck, breeches-maker, Leather Lane.

Mr. Instep, shoe-maker, Last Alley.

Miss Prude, Bleeding-Heart Yard.

Mr. Cornfoot, baker, Rolls Buildings.

Miss Chamberlain, Token-House Yard.

Mr. Fox, in Houndsditch.

Mr. Long, in Short's Gardens.

Mr. Keylock, smith, Ludgate Hill.

Simon Turnips, gardener, Lettice Lane.

Messrs. Sage & Balmes, the Rosemary Tree, Penny-Royal Court, Ground-Joy Lane, Camomile Street.

These are a few of the many different names of others of others who are in partnership, &c. too numerous to mention here.

Some Account of Trades, with their Art exposed.

First. The taylor sets up for antiquity, and alledges, that he is not only the most necessary tradesman, but likewise an artist of the oldest standing. He and the smith are frequently at loggerheads about the date of their trades; the smith allows cloaths were very early necessary, but contends they were not made without a needle; and the text is express in this article in his favour, when it is said our first parents sewed fig-leaves together to cover their nakedness—"Which," says Vulcan, "plainly implies, that

that a needle was used, and consequently that the smith is the gentleman of greatest antiquity.

I do not much care to determine this knotty point of chronology; I believe there is much to be said on both sides, and shall refer the decision of the matter to the Society of Antiquaries.

No man is so ignorant as not to know that a taylor is the person that makes our cloaths, and in some measure may be said to make themselves; were it not for the delays of payment among the quality.

From the TAYLOR, we next proceed to the PERUKE-MAKER or BARBER.

This is a branch of trade, but of short date. Our forefathers were contented with their own hair, and never dreamed of thatching their skulls with false curls. It is a foreign invention, but of what country I cannot learn, and appeared amongst us at the Restoration. Like all other inventions, it has received great improvements. It was originally but rude and simple, but kept a nearer resemblance to nature than it does at present; the fashion was to wear wigs nearly resembling the natural colour of our hair, and shaped in such a manner as to make the artificial locks appear like a natural production; but in process of time, full-bottomed wigs became the mode, and the heads of our beaux and men of fashion were loaded with hair; to these the tye-wig succeeding, and the natural colour was laid aside for silver-locks. The bobb, the pig-tail, tupee, ramilie, and a number of shapes that bear no relation to the human head, are now become the mode. Sometimes the beaux appear plaistered all over with powder and pomatum, and their curls frizzled out with laborious nicety; at other times the powder puff is laid aside, and they affect to dress in wanton ringlets.

“ Tho’ some are advocates for well-drest hair,
Let no such etiquette deserve your care;

Act



Aft for yourself as much as in your power,
Nor dance attendance to another's hour.
For shame! shall Britain's manly sons accede,
To every flimsy fashion France has made?
Shall we like her, the head's exterior part,
Adorn with all the fripperies of art,
Yet leave the inside desolate and waste?
Reproachful scandal to all letter'd taste!
Above such imitative airs do you
More on yourself depend, and wear a queue;
Thence to a moment, you your time command,
Nor need the fiat of a friezeur's hand."

Of the STAYMAKER.

He ought to be a very polite tradesman, as he approaches the ladies so nearly; and possessed of a tolerable share of assurance and command of temper to approach their delicate persons in sitting on their stays, without being moved or put out of countenance. He is obliged to inviolable secrecy in many instances, where he is obliged by art to make the crooked shape straight.

I am surprized the ladies have not found out a way to employ women stay-makers, rather than trust our sex with what should be kept as inviolable as *free-masonry*: But the work is too hard for women, it requires more strength than they are capable of, to raise walls of defence about a lady's shape, which is liable to be spoiled by so many accidents.

Of the VICTUALLING TRADE.

The baker has a living profit allowed him by law, and as his commodity is so necessary for life, he seldom wants customers; the poor are more at his mercy than the rich, small families more than great; for in rolls, two-penny and three-penny loaves, there is no check upon him; in the quartern and peck loaves, and such families as take in the small bread, are the chief support of the baker. The bakers have one thing peculiar to themselves, to be
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met with in no other trade; they esteem a customer who runs actually with them, more than the ready-money customers; though they consume an equal quantity of his bread. I have heard them own the fact, but could never procure from them any satisfactory reasons for the strange dislike of ready money, a thing all other tradesmen covet. The ill-natured part of the world, alledge, that they take the opportunity of making *dead men* (as they phrase it) that is, of cutting double strokes on their tally, which makes a large amends for the lying out of their money.

The next I shall mention is the UNDERTAKER.

A set of men who live by death, and never care to appear but at the end of a man's life; their business is to watch death, and to furnish out the funeral solemnity, with as much pomp and feigned sorrow, as the heirs or successor of the deceased chuse to purchase. They are a hard-hearted gentry, and require more money than brains to conduct their business.

———“ Rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath,
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare.”

The COELER.

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance; the emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity

gratuity.—“What, friend, says the fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? ——— Was it Charles the Vth himself, I’d not do a stitch for him now.—But if you’ll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome; we are as merry as the emperor can be.”—The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on his rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him—“What! I suppose you are some courtier politician or other by that contemplative phiz—Nay, by your long nose, you may be a bastard of the emperor’s: But be who or what you will, you’re heartily welcome—Drink about; here’s Charles the Vth’s health.” Then you love Charles the Fifth, replied the emperor — “Love him! says the son of Crispin—Aye, aye, I love his long noseship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he tax us a little less: but, what the devil have we to do with politics?—Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts.—After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception.—“That, cried he, you are welcome to; but I would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor.”——Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise, to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign; he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death.—The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition.—Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms, a boot with the emperor’s crown upon it. That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another.—“If, says he, I am to make my utmost wishes, command that for the future the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoemakers.” It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to

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be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of cobblers takes place of the company of shoemakers.

Comic Wedding, at St. Clement's Church.—A ludicrous Fact.

The anxious bride was detained by her lingering lover, in the vestibule of Hymen. A motley group of impertinent lookers-on were much diverted by the nymph's impatience. At length the bridegroom arrived, not in a wedding garment; but, being a coal-heaver, in the dusky apparel of Nox and Erebus, the parents of one of the Cupids!

Black was the cloud which overhung the hymeneal scene. A wrangle commenced; the mob smiled; the fair one abashed. Much courtship was renewed; much persuasion urged by interposing friends, to lead the affronted fair to the altar—with a tittering mob at her heels.

The clerk simpered, boys and girls giggled; divinity scarce retained its gravity. The solemnity, though not very solemn, was solemnized. The parties, with trembling hands, paid the fees and withdrew. The unfeeling rabble still followed. What could be done in this ridiculous dilemma? Whither could the luckless couple fly?—Women only are quick at expedients. The bride had no sooner got clear of the sacred walls, than she made a precipitate flight through Wych-street, with many doubles, to elude her cruel persecutors. A thousand followers pursued, amongst whom the panting husband was not the slowest. The chase was hot—the hubbub universal. But there being no golden apples in her way, the light legged Atalanta soon outstripped her pursuits, and escaped.

This is no forfeiture of the Flitch of Bacon. The quarrel happened before marriage, and Dunmow must find out what shall happen after!

They may claim the bacon at Dunmow.

This proverb alludes to a custom instituted in the manor of Little Dunmow, in this county, by the Lord Fitz-

Fitzwalter, who lived in the reign of Henry III. which was, that if any wedded couple, who, after being married a year and a day would come to the priory, and, kneeling on two sharp pointed stones, before the prior and convent, and swear that during that time they had neither repented of their bargain, nor had any dissention, they should have a gammon or flitch of bacon. The records here mention several persons who have claimed and received it. The custom of late has been left off. The form of the oath was as follows :

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
 That you never made any nuptial transgression,
 Since you were married man and wife,
 By household brawls or contentious strife;
 Or otherwise in bed or board,
 Offended each other in deed or word ;
 Or since the parish clerk said amen,
 Wished yourselves unmarried agen ;
 Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
 Repented not in thought any way ;
 But continued true and in desire,
 As when you join'd hands in holy quire.
 If to those conditions, without all fear,
 Of your own accord you will freely swear,
 A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
 And bear it hence with love and good leave,
 For it is our custom at Dunmow well known,
 Though the sport be our's, the bacon's your own.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Anecdote of the first Interview of a certain Couple.

Lord G—— it is said, had by some irregularity, brought his health into a very critical state, and the physicians recommended marriage to him, as the most certain method of living temperate and restoring his constitution. He accordingly formed a resolution of offering his hand to the first woman he could fancy ; when being one day in Kensington Gardens, and a heavy shower fall-

ing, he was obliged to take shelter in the same covered seat with two ladies, one of whom was Miss V——. A conversation ensued, in which he asked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replying in the negative, he entreated them to take part of his to convey them to town. Miss V. said—she thought it was the easiest carriage she ever had been in, to which his lordship politely replied—she might be the mistress of it whenever she pleased. Miss V. blushed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead and had been buried; in the mean time, she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized; a person by said, “Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.” “Aye,” replied he, “most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one.”

A married lady, being resolved no longer to suffer the addresses of a young gentleman, dismissed him with this modest answer—Whilst I was a child, I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up, I obeyed my father; and now I am married, I obey my husband: So that if you desire any thing from me, you must get his consent.

Two young men demanded a young woman in marriage of her father, one of which was rich, and the other poor. The father having given her to the last, some of his friends asked him why he did not bestow her on the rich man? Because, says he, the rich man has no wit, and so may grow poor; but the other who is a wise and sensible man may easily grow rich.

When Cato's daughter was asked, why she did not marry; she then replied, she could not find the man that loved her person above her portion. Men love curious
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pictures, but they would have them set in gold frames. Some are so degenerate, as to think any good enough, who have but goods enough. Take heed, for sometimes the bag and baggage go together. The person should be a figure, and the portion a cypher, which added to her, advances the sum, but alone signifies nothing.

Conjugal Love.—What art do you use, Madam, to captivate your husband so? said a virtuous lady to another. Madam, answered she, I do what he likes I should do, and I patiently bear all affronts, tho' I do not like it. *A Lesson to every Wife.*

A young lady having lately buried her husband, whom she called *old Simon*, ordered a carver to make her a statue of wood as near his figure as he could, which was laid by her side every night in remembrance of him. In the mean time a young gentleman, that had a great passion for her, by the intercession of some guineas, prevailed with her maid, to lay him one night in the place of *old Simon*. The widow went to bed, and after her usual manner cast her arms over her dear husband's statue; and finding it warm, she crept closer and closer to it, till at length they came very close together, by which she perceived it was not her wooden bedfellow. In the morning the maid called at her chamber-door, as she used to do, "Madam, what will you please to have for dinner?" she replied, "roast the turkey that was brought in yesterday, boil a leg of mutton and cauliflowers, and get a good dish of fruit." "Madam," says the maid, "we have not wood enough to dress so much meat." "If not," replied she, "you may burn *old Simon*."

A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him, that she was exceeding ugly.—

A celebrated physician, at length, undertook to restore him to sight.—The blind man, however, despised his assistance.—"If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I bear my wife—A love which renders me happy."—"Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me which is of most consequence to a ra-

tional being, the attainment of *happiness*, or the attainment of *truth*?"

One having a scolding wife, swore he would drown himself: she followed him, desiring him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him; Speak quickly then, says he: "Pray, husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel, to go into a very deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you long a dying."

A good-humour'd wife, abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get any thing by it. "That's true, replied the husband, but the worst of it is, one can't marry two sisters."

One ask'd an old man, what he had done to live to so great an age? he answered, "When I could sit, I never stood; I married late, was soon a widower, and never married again."

Two friends, who had not seen one another a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He said he was not very well, and was married since he saw him: That is good news, indeed, says he. Nay, not so much good news neither, replies the other; for I have married a shrew. That is bad, said the other. Not so bad neither, said he; for I had two thousand pounds with her: That's well again, said the other. Not so well neither; for I laid it out in sheep, and they died of the rot: That was hard, indeed, says his friend. Not so hard neither, says he; for I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost: That made you amends, says the other. Not so much amends neither, said he; for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burn'd: That was a great loss indeed. Nay, not so great a loss neither; for my wife was burn'd in it.

A father said to his daughter, if you marry, you will do well; if you do not marry, you will do better. "If that be the case," replied the daughter, "get me a husband as soon as you can; I shall be content to do well; I'll leave it to others to do better."

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A young lady being in company with her husband, they began to tell merry stories, and every one had his own. When it came to the lady's turn, she was pleased to relate all the stratagems that a spark had used to get one night into the room of a woman he loved, and whose husband was absent; but it fell out unluckily as they were both together, very well pleased with one another, that the husband comes and knocks at the door. *So you may imagine,* said she, *what trouble I was in.* This preposterous reflection cast her husband into another sort of trouble, by giving him to understand what share he had in this adventure; and how his wife had blurted out a truth, which she never design'd to let him know.

Saint Monday. A holiday most religiously observed by journeymen shoemakers, and other inferior mechanics; a profanation of that day, by working is punishable by a fine, particularly among the gentle craft. An Irishman observed that this St. anniversary happened every week.

LAURENCE LAPSTONE,

Cobler, Corn-Cutter, and Toe-Nail Paver to his Majesty,

At No. 999, SHOE-ALLEY,

Acquaints the nobility, and others, that he still engages to keep their *soles* in better repair than any of your cobblers of the *cassock*; and their feet and toe nails in better order than any of your newspaper-puffing cobblers in *surgery* can. He also worms ladies lap dogs, and draws teeth, and bleeds in a manner entirely new and pleasing.

Though a cobbler, he is not a *bungler*, as several of his envious brothers of the strap have asserted; and though he draws teeth with the same pincers he draws out sparrowbills with, and though he bleeds with an *awl*, yet he defies even the celebrated artificial jawbone-making Patence to outdo him; and as for his enemies saying, that the *soles* of many of his majesty's ministers, (which he had the honour of mending, as nobody else would undertake them, they being so very bad) are not in a condition for them to venture out of doors with, he can only say, that if they did not *last* long in the condition he put them, it must

must be attributed to their *natural* bad qualities:—As for the fair sex, many *notorious* ladies of the first rank are ready to bear witness, that, in all the *jobs* he has done for them, their *ends* were answered to the utmost of their wishes.

“*The cat doth play—And after slay.*”

[The above motto is applicable to introduce the following essay on the pleasing art of tormenting; giving instructions to masters and mistresses, concerning their servants.]

As the intercourse between a master and his man is not so frequent as between a lady and her maid, I shall not direct myself to the former, but only give rules to the latter; and, where those rules are practicable for the master, I hope he will be so kind as to convert them to his own use.

To scold at and torment all your servants, appears at first sight, to be the desirable thing; but those who study the best method of this amusing art, will tell you, that it is much better to select one or two, at the most, who are proper objects, and who you are sure feel your strokes; for by this means you may make use of all your bad servants, as instruments to plague the good.

Be sure on no account to make use of any distinction, or ever examine into the true author of any fault or carelessness, unless it be done privately, in order to lay the blame on a wrong person; as for instance: If you blame Susan the housemaid, for such a thing, and she should say, “ Indeed, Madam, it was not I, but Martha the cook, that did it;” you must raise your voice, and tell her, “ that you cannot trouble your head to distinguish amongst such low wretches—that all servants are careless alike; and if you have any more such accidents in your family, they shall all go.”

If, on blaming any servant for a fault, she should be able to excuse herself, in a manner that ought to be perfectly satisfactory to a reasonable person, you have nothing for it, but to say, “ that you will not hear the impertinent

ment discourse of such a wench—that if she cannot hold her tongue, she is no servant for you—and, that you never knew a servant guilty of a fault, but she had pertness and invention enough to make a good excuse for it :” Then lament, that you did not live in a country where you might be so happy as to be served by mutes.

Take great care never to lay the saddle upon the right horse, as this is the most sure and infallible method of galling. The old saying,

*Twice I did well, and that I heard never;
Once I did ill, and that I heard ever;*

must by no means be contradicted by you; for the oftener you give your servants an opportunity to apply it to themselves, the oftener do you make them feel your power.

When you hire a footman, be sure to insist upon it, that he pays so strict a regard to your orders, and your way in doing every thing, that the least deviation in any point, should be a forfeit of his place.

This gives frequent opportunities for railing and scolding; for it is but to make your orders impracticable, and then, be sure not to hear one word he can say in his defence, for not having performed impossibilities.

Some few Directions to the genteeler Sort of Domestics who attend or wait on Gentlemen or Ladies at Table.

First then, the habit which some people have got of thrusting their hands into their bosoms, or handling any part of their persons which is usually covered, is an obvious instance of indecency, and very improper.

Of what gives offence to the sense of hearing, such, for instance, as the grinding of the teeth together, when pressed so close as to grate each other; as also, by puffing and breathing too loudly; by scraping any thing with a knife or other instrument of iron, and the like; which every one should guard against, as much as in his power.

Be also careful to abstain from singing or humming a tune in company, unless any of their friends are disposed to

to hear your unmusical or rough voice. Also in coughing and sneezing, make so horrible a noise as to stun the very ears of others with the sound; nay, often so inconsiderate, so indecent, as to sputter in the very faces of those who are near you. Likewise in gaping, to bawl out like a country fellow that has been sleeping in a hay-loft, or either howl like a wolf, or bray like an ass; and who, with their jaws thus distended, and yawning so wide, that it is needless for the company to attempt to speak, or get an answer from you. Nor ought you to laugh loud enough to be heard by any of the company, when any joke or smart saying has passed at the table.

When the table is cleared, to carry about the tooth-picks in your mouth, like a bird going to build his nest; or to stick them behind your ear, as a barber does his comb, are no very genteel customs.—This kind of indecorum, as highly offensive both to eyes and ears, is carefully to be avoided.

It is moreover extremely indecent to spit, cough, and expectorate (as it were) in company; and more so, when you have blown your nose, to draw aside and examine the contents of your handkerchief; as if you expected pearls or rubies to distil from your brain.

It is also an inelegant custom, for any one to apply his nose, by way of smelling, to a glass of wine, which another person is to drink; or to a plate of meat, which another is to eat; since there is a possibility, at least, that his nose may drop upon it; or the very idea may offend the company, though, by good luck, that accident may not befall him. Moreover, I would not have you, by any means offer the glass to another, out of which the company has drank; much less should you give to another, a pear, or any other fruit, which has been bitten.

Likewise, every servant ought to stand with his body erect, and not loll or lean upon the backs of the chairs, by way of support, or leaning-stocks, as we say. Nor let it be any objection to your observing these rules, which I have hitherto mentioned; for frequently repeated, will prove fatal in your manners and character.

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Let us now proceed to those instances of behaviour, which, though not offensive to any of the senses, yet are contrary to the natural desires and expectations of the generality of mankind: for we must observe, there are many and various particulars, which a master or mistress expects from those whom they employ; such as, respect—a desire of obliging, and the like.

There is a sort of people so very testy, crabbed and morose, that no one can ever do any thing to their satisfaction; and who, whatever is said to them, answer with a frowning aspect; neither is there any end of their chiding and reproaching their servants; and thus, they disturb a whole company with exclamations of this kind: “So! how early you called me up this morning!” “Pray, look; how cleverly you have japanned these shoes!”—“How well you attended to church to-day!” “You rascal! I have a good mind to give you my fist in your chops; I have, Sir.” These kind of expostulations are extremely odious and disagreeable; and such people ought to be avoided, as one would fly from the plague. This pride or consequence is no other than a contempt of their inferiors; whereas the most insignificant person in the world fancies himself a man of consequence, of course intitled to some respect.

And there is a kind of moroseness and rustic surliness among some people carried much further: whatever overture of respect is shewn them, they receive it with disdain. When you say “Mr. Such-a-one desired me to make his compliments to you.” “What the devil have I to do with his compliments?”—“Mr.—enquired after you lately, and asked how you did.” “Let him come and feel my pulse, if he wants to know.”—Now, men of this morose stamp are, deservedly but little loved or esteemed by others.

And another set of people you meet with, of so very tender, and, as it were, brittle a texture, that to live and converse with them, is as critical a situation as to be surrounded with the finest glass ware; to which the slightest stroke may be fatal: so that, like glass, they must be managed

naged and handled with the most delicate touch, for fear of offence. For, if you do not observe, with the utmost readiness and sollicitude, every punctilio of ceremony, and answer every question with accuracy, they fret and torment themselves as much, or rather more, than another would do on account of the greatest injury or affront.

These people are so fond of their titles, that unless you address them precisely to an hair, according to their own conception of themselves, they break out into bitter complaints; and say to a friend, "My servant is such an ill-bred fellow, I must discharge him." At another time she will say, "Lord! John, I was not placed at table according to my rank, such a day." "Such a one has not returned my visit yet, tho' I waited on him some time since:" and the like. Here you have to coincide, with all the good manners and complaisance possible—or else, like the finest thread, so easily snapped in two, she snaps you; and you are no longer permitted to be her slave.—These refractory persons are too often their own enemies.

~~Maxims for Conversation~~

Dreams.—[I think it necessary to touch on this head.] It is a tiresome custom which some people have got, of telling their dreams perpetually; and that with so much eagerness, and with such an air of importance, as would surpass the patience of a Stoic to attend to them; especially, when the reciters are generally such insignificant people, that to listen to their most important waking transactions would be absolute loss of time. We ought not therefore to trouble others with such vile trash, as our dreams usually consist of; for most of those dreams which present themselves to the generality of mankind, are trifling and frivolous. And though I have frequently heard, that the wise men amongst the ancients have left us in their works, many dreams written with singular art and elegance (as Cicero, &c.); yet that is no reason why people less learned, should pretend to any thing of that kind, in their ordinary conversation.—All dreams which we vulgar people usually dream, (for good and learned men,
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even when they sleep, are better and wiser than the wicked and illiterate) ought to be given up to oblivion, and to be entirely dismissed as soon as we awake.

Lies.—[Another hint necessary.] Though one would imagine there was nothing to be found more vain and empty than dreams; yet there is one thing remains more fertile, and even lighter than vanity itself; I mean, a lie. For of those things which people see in their dreams, there has generally been some shadow, as it were, and representation in their preceding actions; but of a lie, there never existed the least shadow or prototype in the universe: Wherefore, the ears and attention of those who listen to us, ought much less to be burthened with lies, than with the recital of our dreams. For, though lies may sometimes be received for truths; yet, after a time, their authors not only forfeit their credit, and nobody believes a word they say; but no one can bear to hear them with patience, as being men whose words are void of all substance, and to whom no more regard ought to be paid than if they did not speak at all, but only vented so much breath in the empty air. All men of integrity shun the acquaintance of people addicted to lying and scandal; naturally supposing, that what they say of others, in their company, they will say of them, in the company of others.

MAXIMS for SERVANTS.

A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants, for it is their bread; and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family; and happy it is, that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place: by long service, shews worth; as quitting a good place through passion, is a folly which is always repented of too late.

Never undertake any place you are not qualified for: pretending to what you do not understand exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, deceives them whom you serve.

Preserve your fidelity: for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

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Adhere to truth; falshood is detestable: and he who tells one lie must tell twenty more to conceal it.

Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

Avoid pert answers; civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

Be cleanly in your business: slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief: but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

Live in a friendly manner with your fellow-servants; for the contrary disturbs the peace of the house.

Above all things avoid drunkenness: it is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

Prefer a peaceable life with moderate gains, to great advantage with irregularity.

Save your money; for that will be a friend to you in your old age.

Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

Never swear; for that is a crime without excuse, as there can be no pleasure in it.

Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good-nature gains the love of every one.

Never stay when out on a message; for waiting long is painful to a master, and a quick return shews diligence.

Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

Be not fond of encreasing your acquaintance; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and often puts you to an expence which you can ill afford.

Whoever pays a due regard to the above *Precepts*, will be happy in themselves; will never want friends, and will always meet with the assistance, protection, and encouragement of the wealthy and the worthy.

To accommodate LADIES who want Husbands, and to save Gentlemen the Trouble of looking out for themselves in the Article of Wives, we shall continue our Advertisements as before.

Wanted—A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a discreet character, as wife to a gentleman of fortune, who loves ease, and does not care to take upon himself the trouble of courtship: She must be of a placid domestic turn, and not one that likes to hear herself talk. Any qualified person, whom this may suit, by Mr. Sparkle Nem. Con. may be informed of particulars.—A short trial will be expected.

N. B. Maids of Honour need not apply; none such will be treated with.

The above advertisement being thought a very good one, it had many applicants; but for want of full credentials, we had dismissed all but two, whom I shall describe, not only for your information, but in hopes you will give some attention to the catalogue:

Constantia Philips, spinster, aged twenty-five, lodges in the house of Mr. Duffer, Catherine-street, Strand, can have an undeniable character from a variety of gentlemen of credit, particularly two now absent, but soon expected in next arrivals from China: Her fortune, which she ingenuously owns is not capital, is for the present invested in certain commodities, which she has put into the hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for which she expects profitable returns, on their arrival.—This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the fashionable dishevel; is tall of stature, straight and in good case.—Is impatient for a speedy answer.

The next was a comely young woman, but of a pensive air and downcast look; lived as a dependent upon a certain trader's wife, with whom her situation was very unpleasant; flattered herself she was practised in submission and obedience; should conform to any humours which the advertiser might have, and, should he do her the honour

to accept her as his wife, she would do her possible endeavours to please him, with all humble duty, gratitude, and devotion.

A gentleman calling at my office one day, when this advertisement was lying on my desk, and casting his eye upon the paper, asked me if that silly jest was of my inventing: I assured him it was no jest, but a serious advertisement; that the party was a man of property and honour, a gentleman by birth and principle, and one every way qualified to make the marriage state happy. Hath he lost his understanding, said my friend, that he takes this method of convening all the prostitutes about the town; or doth he consult his ease so much, as not to trouble himself whether his wife be a modest woman or not? If I were satisfied your principal is a man of honour, as you describe him; qualified by temper and disposition, to make an amiable and virtuous girl happy, I would say something to you on the subject; but as he chuses to be concealed, and as I cannot think of blindly sacrificing my fair charge, to any man whom she does not know and approve, there is an end of the matter.

* * These parties after had a meeting with the lady, and were happily united in the bonds of affection, love and happiness.

A witty divine receiving an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit and fortune. This, the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote, therefore, the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

“ Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
 “ For Old English service is much more sincere;
 “ You’ve sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe’s only mine,
 “ So give me *one heart*, and take back *t’other nine!*”

There was a grand masquerade ball held at Paris, in the reign of Lewis XIII. who was a weak prince. His majesty

majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses; one gentleman complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other, for them to adjourn to the *King's-Arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do, *the King's-Arms is full*; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's-Head, for that is quite empty*."

A gentleman calling for small beer at another man's table, finding it very hard, gave it to the servant again without drinking. "What!" said the master of the house, "do you not like the beer?" "It is not to be found fault with," answered the other, "for one should never speak ill of the dead."

When Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: on the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different *sides*."

"I shall clip your wife's wit," said Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in the presence of his wife. "That will be hanging matter," said she, "for 'tis *sterling*."

A gentleman of the name of Addison, after spending the evening with several good fellows, became at length so much intoxicated as to be unable to speak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a sound sleep; on which, one of the company, who sat opposite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addison, was at present neither a TATLER nor a SPECTATOR, but might speedily want a GUARDIAN!

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envied the good health of his treasurer, and said, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, "My lord, the reason is, that you have always a hat in your head; and I have always my head in a hat."

The late Duke of Cumberland was a remarkable fine boy, but very sullen. The late queen, his mother, being angry with him one day, ordered him to his chamber;

foon after he returned, and the queen asked him, what he had been doing? "Reading the New Testament," answered he, peevishly. "What part?" says the queen. He answered, "Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me?*"

Sandys, a gentleman of a bold spirit and wit, being examined before the House of Commons, Lenthall, then speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him. At last he asked, "What countryman are you?" "Of Kent," said Sandys; adding, "and now, Sir, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the West," said Lenthall. "By my troth!" answered Sandys, "so I thought; for all the wise men come out of the *East*."

A parish-clerk in a country-church being rather old and near sighted, putting on his spectacles to read the psalms, he muttered, "My eyes they are exceeding dim, I cannot see at all." To which the children began singing the same. The old man being enraged, says, "I believe you are all mad within; may the devil take you all."

A Dialogue between a JEW and a GENTILE.

These men were selling sticks on a Sunday (it is a true proverb, that two of a trade seldom agree). The Jew having kept his sabbath on Saturday, thought it no sin to sell sticks on our Sunday; they being near together, the Gentile was jealous for fear he should lose a customer, and began to abuse the Jew, telling him he would cut his beard off, send him to Chelsea to eat pork, &c. The Jew in reply told him he was no Christian, only by name, or else he would not sell sticks. I keep my sabbath, you keep no sabbath; but are an Atheist, and no Christian.

I own the Jew had the better argument, as we professors act more like Atheists than Christians.

On a merry Christmas. It appears to me as strange, in our days, for one man to wish another a *merry Christmas*, as it would be to say, "Your health," if you drink to a wretch who is to be hanged to-morrow. There was a
pro-

propriety formerly in congratulations on the approach of this season, when people thought they could not better testify their gratitude to the Redeemer, than by every demonstration of joy, by public thanksgiving to their Maker, and by open acts of hospitality and charity.

But some alterations have made the custom of wishing a *merry Christmas*, rather an insult than a compliment to most people. Who can think you sincere, in thus wishing him merry, when you must know the numberless troubles in money affairs brought upon him at this season of the year? Can the tenant, who knows not how to pay his rent that is now to be demanded, think of a *merry Christmas*? And must not the family that are hastening off with their goods to escape the vigilance of the landlord, imagine you laugh at their distress, when you mention the word *merry*? If to be merry was the business of this season, would the tradesmen contrive at this time to bring in their bills to their indigent creditors? And we find that mirth is not more the prerogative of him who is so lucky as to write a receipt, than of the man who must make up the sum to pay it; for he, in his turn, has importunate creditors.

On Quarter Day.

What numerous aching hearts to day,
 What numerous streaming eyes!
 'Tis genuine grief inspires the lay,
 'Tis humble sorrow cries.

The weeping mother hugs her child
 Still closer to her breast;
 The trembling infant looks all wild,
 Unconscious why 'tis prest.

In silent grief the father see,
 His dearest joys forego;
 Picture of abstract misery,
 Extremity of woe!

Spare

Spare them, ye gen'rous landlords, spare,
 And calm each troubled mind;
 So of their blifs you gain a share,
 —The BLISS of BEING KIND!

So when that awful hour shall come,
 When each his debt must pay,
 You'll cease to deprecate your doom,
 And bless THIS QUARTER-DAY.

As to the lower class of gentlefolks, I mean journey-men, footmen, and chambermaids, *they* cannot be wished a merry *Christmas* with more propriety than their betters; for we know, that the men, let them get drunk as they please, find it difficult to spend their Christmas-boxes; and that the fair ones, who have at so much expence decked themselves to be made *ladies*, find it as difficult a matter to be received again into any families as *maid-servants*.

Horn fair. An annual fair held at Charlton, in Kent, on St. Luke's day, the 18th of October. It consists of a riotous mob, who after a printed summons dispersed through the adjacent towns, meet at Cuckold's-point, near Deptford, and march from thence in procession, through that town and Greenwich, to Charlton, with horns of different kinds upon their heads; and at the fair there are sold rams horns, and every sort of toy made of horns. The vulgar tradition, gives the following history of the origin of this fair: King John, or some other of our ancient kings, being at the palace of Eltham, in this neighbourhood, and having been out a hunting one day, ram-bled from his company to this place, then a mean hamlet; when entering a cottage to enquire his way, he was struck with the beauty of the mistress, whom he found alone; and having prevailed over her modesty, the husband returning suddenly, surprised them together; and threatening to kill them both, the king was obliged to discover himself, and to compound for his safety by a purse of gold, and a grant of the land from this place to Cuckold's-point, besides making the husband master of the hamlet. It is added,

added, that in memory of this grant, and the occasion of it, this fair was established, for the sale of horns, and all sorts of goods made of that material. A sermon is preached at Charlton church on the fair day.

Highgate. Sworn at Highgate—a ridiculous custom formerly prevailed at the public houses in Highgate, to administer a ludicrous oath to all travellers of the middling rank, who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened on a stick: the substance of the oath was, never to kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress; never to drink small beer, when he could get strong; never to cut brown bread, when he could get white; with many injunctions of the like kind; to all which was added the saving clause of, “unless you like it best.” The person administering the oath was always to be called father by the juror; and he, in return, was to style him son, under the penalty of a bottle.

On the Passion of Love.

There is none of all the passions, that has so much employed the thoughts of moralists and philosophers, as that of love; whether this be an argument of its excellence or consequence to mankind, I shall not at present take upon me to determine.

“Love more love without being loved;

“And none beloved is without loveliness.”

Pride. They who are proud, want at least the look of humility.—Humility without meekness, what is it?

The four Wonders. A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain; a woman of common talents not jealous; an accomplished woman, who scorns to shine;—are four wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

“She neglects her heart, who studies her glass.”

Marriage. A north country gentleman intending to marry, took a whimsical resolution to gain the consent of a lady, before he could finish the smoking of a pipe of tobacco; accordingly he goes, acquaints the lady with his intentions, and begs her answer in the allotted time: but

but she, like many of her sex, could not so hastily consent, requesting the enlargement of the time, though the gentleman and his qualities were unexceptionable: being fixed in his resolution, he visits a second, but without success: not discouraged, he waits on a third, when she very frankly accepts the offer; and the consequence was a speedy and happy marriage, which at once deprived the other two, who had the next morning separately sent an offer of their service.

A lady of quality, seeing the pompous procession at her husband's funeral, exclaimed—Ah! how happy would my poor husband have been to see this; he was so fond of ceremonies!

A certain librarian being charged with making a catalogue of a library, and meeting with a Hebrew book, put, *Item, a book which begins at the end.*

A remarkable eater was asked if it was true, that he could eat as much as six moderate men? Yes, replied he. "And do you work in proportion?" No: Then to prevent a famine, you ought to be hanged.

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco; and said, "Do you smoke, Sir?" "Yes," says the gentleman, very gravely, "any one that has a design upon me."

A Roman-Catholic asked a Protestant, "Where his religion was before the time of Martin Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" replied the Protestant. "Yes," answered the other. "Then, where was your face," said the Protestant, "before it was washed?"

A servant bringing a tongue into a room, it slipped from the plate, and fell on the ground. His master was angry; but relented when the fellow begged pardon, *for it was only a slip of the tongue.* The answer so pleased the company, that they clubbed shillings a-piece to reward his wit.

A Welch

A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him, for having two wives. But he stormed and swore, and said he could see no reason they had to hang him for two wives, when the priest told him, before a great people, him might have sixteen: four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer. (Instead of for better, &c.)

A remarkable Passage from one of Count LINZENDORF'S Sermons.

Matrimony among us is full of respect, grace, and blessedness; but our office and enjoyment of it is not as yet strictly enough observed: we do not perform and enjoy enough. The husbands labour not enough for their wives. There is still too much remissness—when the children of God will not experience, at a certain age, things suitable to a certain age, they become unhappy, and say within themselves, *I do not feel what other people feel.*

Matrimony—A gentleman aged twenty-nine years, of a healthy constitution, whose character is irreproachable, education sublime, and whose person and qualities are in every respect capable of rendering the marriage state happy, candidly wishes to be a guardian, protector, sincere friend, lover, and husband, to a lady of character and fortune, of an amiable disposition, and endued with mental, rather than personal charms. Any such who will be so kind as to address a line for Y. Z. at No. 3, in Little Queen-Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, shall be punctually answered.

Give Notice.—That sealed proposals of a contract of marriage will be received by me at my chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, between the hours of six in the morning and twelve at night (Sundays not excepted), from any lady who is absolutely possessed of 3000l. in her own right, and at her own disposal. Any lady answering the above particulars, will be TAKEN IN, and no questions ASKED, by a line directed to

ANTI-BENEDICT.

P. S. Should the lady be possessed in reversion, of youth, beauty, elegance, and every other female accomplishment; they will NOT be objected to. It is expected this will be answered

answered in a week at farthest, as such offers do not come to market every day, and will not be again advertised.

Nothing like a Chancery SUIT, says a correspondent, for WEAR; and for TEAR too, say we—from the following anecdote: “A gentleman not long since had the good fortune to see the end of a ten-year’s Chancery suit, wherein he had a decree in his favour, for the recovery of 200*l.* but after paying his lawyer’s costs, and calculating his own expences attending it, he was fortunate enough to find himself no more than 150*l.* out of pocket.” Might he not say with Hannibal, “A few more such victories would undo him?”

A Lady of Pleasure and easy Virtue.

He that keeps her company is in the highway to the devil; to look upon her with desire, begins his voyage; to talk with her, mends his pace; and he who enjoys her, is at his journey’s end. Her body is the titled lees of pleasures; when you taste her, she’s dead, and palls upon the palate; she pricks betimes, for her stock is a white thorn, which cut and grafted on, she grows a medlar; her trade is opposite to any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custom breaks her; the money that she gets is like a traitor’s, given only to corrupt her; and what she gets, serves but to pay diseases; she is ever moored in sin, and ever mending; and at thirty she is the surgeon’s creature. Shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and only in an hospital acquainted; she lives a reprobate, like Cain still branded, finding no habitation but her fears, and flies the face of justice like a felon. And, alas! death closes the career of this lady of pleasure.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A careful old gentleman came up from the north, on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by a notorious coupler to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady’s mamma. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known

to her ; but as his son's quiet depended upon it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her : in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her ; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him.

The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family ; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. “ Say nothing of that, Madam, say nothing of that,” interrupted the Don ; “ I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares with us.” “ Pray, Sir, how much does the world say ?” replied the lady.—“ Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.” “ Not so much, Sir,” said the old lady, very gravely.—“ Well, Madam, I suppose it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.”—“ Not so much, Sir.”—“ Well, well, perhaps not ; but—if it was only seventeen thousand.”—“ No, Sir.”—“ Or sixteen.”—No.—Or (we must make allowance) perhaps but fifteen thousand.”—“ Not so much, Sir.”—Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute ; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead,—“ Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand ? How much more is it than twelve thousand ?”—“ Less, Sir.”—“ Less, Madam !”—“ Less, Sir !” —“ But, is it no more than ten thousand ?”—“ Not so much, Sir.”—“ Not so much, Madam !”—“ Not so much.”—“ Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low ; but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds ?”—“ Not so much, Sir.”—“ Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six, or five thousand pounds.”—“ Nothing like it, Sir.”—At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and said, running out of the room,—“ Your servant, your servant ; my son is a fool, and the fellow who recommend-

ed me to you is a blockhead, and know nothing of business."

Two brothers who lived together, favoured extremely one another, and bore the same name. A man desiring to speak with one of them, *Which do you ask for?* said the porter: *The Counsellor*, answer'd the man. They are both Counsellors. *Him that squints a little*: They both squint. *Him that has a handsome Wife*: Both their wives are handsome. *Well then, him who is a cuckold*. By my faith, Sir, answered the porter, I take them both to be cuckolds. *Well*, said the man, *these two brothers are strangely fated to resemble one another*.

A wanton gentlewoman reproach'd her brother with his strong passion for gaming, which, she said, was the ruin of him: "When will you leave off gaming?" says she to him. "When you'll leave of coquetting," answers the brother. "Oh! unhappy man," replies the sister, then you are like to game all your life-time."

An old lady was complaining her youngest son was about to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave her, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute.

An Irish officer on half-pay, made himself acquainted with a gentleman who had interest at court; and said he asked nothing for himself; but wanted a genteel employment, or a place for a friend who would give a handsome pair of gloves, if he succeeded.

Irish legs. Thick legs, jocularly styled the Irish arms.—It is said of the Irish women, that they have a dispensation from the pope, to wear the thick of their legs downwards.

A young man passionately fond of a beautiful young woman, went for a few days in the country to his relations, to settle matters before the marriage. In the mean time the beauty fell sick, died, and on the young man's return, had been buried three weeks. Fancying the sight of his dear girl might somewhat alleviate his despair, begs the vault to be opened, and there she was seen in reality, among the damp regions of the dead; a lizard was seen sucking her neck, a worm creeking out of her cheek, a mouse

mouse gnawing one of her ears, a toad on her forehead preying on one of her eyes. I was at first sight shock'd, and took this to be no more than a piece of contrivance for mortifying pride, and alienating the heart from too violent a love of sublunary excitements.

The late king of Prussia, in his annual tour of visiting his domain lands, upon passing through a certain town, recollected that there was a religious house there, which received a considerable sum yearly from the produce of one of the royal forests in the neighbourhood. His majesty sent to the person who presided over the monastery, desiring to speak with him. Upon the monk's appearing before him, the king asked him, upon what account the society he belonged to, received such a sum for so many years past from his forest? "It is, sire," replied the monk, "in consideration of our saying daily mass to relieve the soul of one of your majesty's ancestors out of purgatory."—"Well," says the king, "and pray how long do you suppose it will be, before this *pious* work is effected?" The monk answered, "that he could not precisely ascertain the *exact* time; but when that event took place, he would instantly dispatch a courier to Potsdam to inform his majesty." The king laughed, and dismissed him.

Good advice from a father to his son.

—I don't mind your taking a few glasses of wine in company—it cheers and enlivens, promotes mirth, spirit, and conversation—

Nay—if you can bear it, Tom—I don't much mind this bottle, or that bottle—

But as you value yourself—and as you value my friendship—Beware of *t'other bottle*.

In all my experience in life, the mischief has been done by *t'other bottle*—

It is *t'other bottle* makes us drunk, quarrelsome, stupid, stay out late, keep bad hours, and bad company, and bad every thing—

Therefore, I say again, Tom—Beware of *t'other bottle*!

Your loving father, &c.

H 2

Henry

Henry the fourth of France, had two generals in his army, who being in company together, after having this bottle and t'other bottle, disputes arose in consequence, a challenge was given, one of the generals acquainted his majesty of it, and asked the king what he should do, Oh! says he you must meet him in the field, and I will come and be your second. The general was not willing to fight nor the king to do him so much honour: it was determined on, and the generals meet, waiting for their king who appeared with twelve soldiers, six to each party; the generals were preparing to meet, when the king stopped them, and said, He that survives, is to be shot by my soldiers immediately according to my order. They were struck with this, and the generals threw their swords away, embraced each other, and the king as well pleased, never more in his reign heard of duels among his army.

A Pun.—Being at the seizing of a pick-pocket amongst a rabble in Smithfield, I heard several men sentencing him according to their own calling; the first I heard was a taylor say, send the dog to hell; the blacksmith, he is a fine spark indeed; the carpenter, I saw him in the fact; the butcher, knock down the shambling cur; the hostler, I'll duck him in our pond; the farmer, thrash the dog; the brewer, I cou'd bung his eye; the bookseller, bind him over; Aye, says the lawyer, at the next quarter sessions, for his good behaviour in future.

A beggar asking charity, A gentleman said, "art thou not ashamed to stretch out thy hand for a piece of copper?" The beggar answered, it is better to stretch it out for a piece of copper, than to have it cut off for a piece of gold.

Caterpillar—a nick-name for a soldier. In the year 1745, a soldier quartered at a house near Derby, was desired by his landlord to call upon him, whenever he came that way; for, added he, soldiers are the pillars of the nation. The rebellion being finished, it happened the same regiment was quartered in Derbyshire, when the soldier resolved to accept of his landlord's invitation, and accordingly obtained leave to go to him; but, on his arrival

rival, he was greatly surprized to find a very cold reception; whereupon expostulating with his landlord, he reminded him of his invitation, and the circumstance of his having said, Soldiers were the pillars of the nation. If I did, answered the host, I meant caterpillars.

A SATIRICAL HARANGUE,

Delivered lately, by a young Gentleman, on his Birth-day, in the Character of a Hawker.

Gentlemen and Ladies, or Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am an itinerant merchant, who making a trading voyage from town to town, and from street to street; and as for my gimeracks here, I sell them cheap enough: You shall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a purse to hold Honesty; it is wore, with Simplicity and Plain-dealing, a little out of Fashion, but not the worse for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by Stewards, Overseers, Custom-house Officers, and Voters at an election. What say ye to these Masks? they are neither French or Venetian, but true English ones; they are called Masks for Knavery, and wore by people of the best Fashion, of all professions. This smiling, smooth-faced one, will conceal the Rancour of a Courtier's heart. This, with the White of the Eye turn'd up, the Atheism of a Priest; and that with the supercilious Brow, the Ignorance of a Quack.—What! no one buy! But no matter—I can dispose of them either at the Temple, Charing-cross, Whitehall, or St. James's. This Smelling Bottle may perhaps have a better recommendation; it is filled with the Quintessence of Ignorance, some Drops of Stupidity, with a few Grains of Impudence, extracted from the speech of a Coffeehouse Politician, the pericranium of a Proctor in the Commons, and a Billet-doux of an Ensign of the Guards. Lady Prattle uses this sort in all assemblies; and Lady Scandal was seen to pull it out more than once at church last Sunday, while she kept a correspondence with Mrs. Modely, a pew or two from her. It assists thought infinitely better

than Rappee or Havanna, and produces a *Je ne ſçai quoi* in ſtyle. The next thing I offer is a Pocket Looking-Glaſs; in it a Side-box Lady may view her new complexion; and a Beau be ſhocked at his own Grin, notwithstanding the Charms of a well-combed Toupee. Should an Alderman peep in it, poſſibly he might ſtartle at his branching Frontlet; and Takers of Bribes may ſee in it the Price of their Conſcience. It will ſhew a Vicar what he preſented the ſquire for his Preſentation; and to a Dean it may exhibit the three Years Purchase that was ſtipulated with my lord: But an Uſurer will not be able to ſee his conſcience in it; a Quaker, his ſincerity; or ſome Fellows of Colleges, their learning. Now I look into it myſelf, I ſee my own folly, and that none of theſe Toys are wanted by this company.

The late KING of PRUSSIA.

Frederick William, went daily, in an old blue coat, and copper buttons, armed with a ſtout ſerjeant's cane, to review his regiment of giants, the firſt rank of which were never leſs than ſeven feet high; and, as he walked through the ſtreets, if he happened to meet a woman, (for in general they fled from him with the utmoſt precipitation) he would aſk what ſhe did from home, and telling her ſhe was a lazy huſſey, as no honeſt woman could poſſibly have any buſineſs over the threshold of her own door, conclude his polite lecture by giving her a ſmart flap of the face, a kick, or a few ſevere ſtrokes acroſs the ſhoulders with his cane. His chief pride was to review this towering regiment, and to perpetuate it was ſo much care, that when he met a tall woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry her, that they might propagate proſterity, and produce heirs to the father's habiliments.

The following Decifions poſſeſs equal Humour.

The commiſſioners of exciſe had condemned a common ſoldier to pay a fine of ten thouſand crowns for ſmuggling, and this ſentence, according to the uſual mode of procedure

cedure, having been laid before the king, his majesty wrote in the margin—"Before I confirm this sentence, I wish to know how it will be possible to make a common soldier pay ten thousand crowns!"

Soon after, another soldier of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was accused and condemned for robbing an image of the Virgin Mary of some of its costly decorations.—The poor soldier uniformly maintained, that the virgin, in consideration of his poverty and devotion, had made him a present of the articles in question; and this defence was delivered into the king with his sentence. His majesty immediately summoned the principal professors of that religion, and asked them if the allegations of the poor soldier was possible. They returned for answer, that it was certainly very unusual, but not impossible. On this Frederick pronounced, that as the chiefs of his religion had considered his plea as possible, he should reverse his sentence of condemnation for this time; but he cautioned him against accepting presents in future from the Virgin Mary, or any other virgin, in that clandestine manner.

Extract from a French Publication.

How different are the manners of a Frenchman and a Spaniard.

- A Frenchman wears a little black hat, with a large white feather in it.
- A Spaniard wears a large white hat, with a little black feather in it.
- A Frenchman wears his hair long.
- A Spaniard wears his short.
- A Frenchman eats fast, and a great deal.
- A Spaniard eats slow, and very little.
- A Frenchman is served with boiled meat first.
- A Spaniard with the roast.
- A Frenchman usually puts wine into his water.
- A Spaniard puts water into his wine.
- A Frenchman talks a great deal at table.
- A Spaniard says not a word.
- A Frenchman takes a walk after eating.

A Span-

- A Spaniard takes his nap, or sits still.
 A Frenchman's servant walks behind his master.
 A Spanish servant walks before him.
 A Frenchman enters and goes out of his house last.
 A Spaniard always the first.
 A Frenchman asks charity with humility.
 A Spaniard with a kind of gravity, something like arrogance.
 A Frenchman in the morning puts on his coat last.
 A Spaniard begins to dress himself with it.
 A Frenchman in buttoning himself, begins at the cape and ends at the waist.
 A Spaniard begins at the waist, and ends at the cape.

A curious and momentous Calculation.

The difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years, (supposing a person to go to bed at the same times he otherwise would) amounts to 29,000 hours, or 3 years, 121 days, 6 hours; which will afford 8 hours a day, for exactly 10 years: so that it is just the same as if 10 years of life, (a weighty consideration) were to be added; to which we might command 8 hours every day, for the cultivation of our own minds in knowledge and virtue, or the dispatch of other business.

N. B. This calculation is made, without regard to the biffextile, which reduces it to 3 years, 111 days, 16 hours; and at 8 hours a day, will want about a month of 10 years.

*The earth our bed of which we're born,
This bed our love, with many a thorn.*

That the bed is the best rendezvous of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a chamber. That soldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground.

That a man's pillow is his best counsellor.

That Adam lay in state, when the heavens was his canopy.

That

That the naked truth is, Adam and Eve lay without sheets.

That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent; they were not ashamed the heavens should see them lye without a coverlid.

That it is likely Eve studied astronomy, which makes the posterity of her sex ever since to lie on their backs.

That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it contains a whole world.

That the senses are the greatest sleepers.

That a slothful man is but a reasonable dormouse.

That the soul ever wakes to watch the body.

That a jealous man sleeps dog-sleep.

That sleep makes no difference between a wise man and a fool.

That for all times sleep is the best bed fellow.

That the devil and mischief are ever awake.

That love is a dream.

That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreams farthest off when awake.

That the bed pays Venus more custom than all the world besides.

That if dreams and wishes had all been true, there had not been since popery one maid to make a nun of.

That the secure man sleeps soundly, and is hardly to be waked.

That the charitable man dreams of building churches, but starts to think the ungodlier courtier will pull them down again.

That sleepers were never dangerous in a state.

That if the bed should speak all it knows, it would put many to the blush.

That it is fit the bed should know more than paper.

The princess who was first espoused to the prince royal of Prussia, but between whom a separation had taken place, having ordered some rich stuffs from Lyons, which pay a considerable duty at Strettin, the place of her retirement, the officer rudely detained them for the charge:
the

the princess, enraged at this insult, sent word, that if he would himself bring the goods, he should be satisfied accordingly: as soon as he arrived the princess, secured every article; and, after complimenting him with some smart cuffs on the face, turned him out of the apartments. On this he drew up a memorial, complaining bitterly of the treatment he had received in the execution of his office; and addressing it to the king, had the subsequent answer in return. 'The loss of the duties must be placed to my account: the stuffs are to remain in the possession of the princess—The cuffs with him who received them. As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the complainant's request: but, indeed, it is of its self void; for the delicate hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer.

"Signed, Frederick."

As the king of Prussia was passing through the hall of his palace at Sans-souci, with one of his generals, he said to him, General, you shall dine here, in a few days, with three hundred of my chamberlains.—Sire, said the general, I did not think you had so many.—The king replied, with a smile—I do not mean those nothings who wear gold keys, but my brave chamberlains who opened to me the gates of Silesia.

At the Lock hospital, where they are very particular in singing church music, the late Dr. Madan instituted separate parts for the men and women. It so happened, that when the females sung the counter tenor, the men joined them in bass. This displeasing the Dr. he ordered the clerk to intimate to the congregation, that the women were in future to sing unaccompanied by the men; and the clerk accordingly delivered the orders in these words:—"It is the particular desire of Dr. Madan, that in future the men shall not *meddle* with the women's *parts*."

Anecdote.—A person, remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's land, excited his lordship to enquire who he was; when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his lordship, desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however,
rode

rode as usual, when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders; on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent—still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstance brought the parties in conversation, his lordship mentioned, that he was informed, that he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. Yes, and please your lordship, pretty handsomely. Well, and can you afford to pay so much? O yes, my lord, it makes no odds to me, it is your tenants pay for it. How so! why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them, and when he doubled it I did the same.—O, if that's the case, answered his lordship, pray take the mill at the old rent.

PROVERBIAL SAYINGS, &c. &c.

Go to Battersea to be cut for the Simples.

In Battersea there are many market gardeners, who grow medicinal herbs, termed simples, for the use of the apothecaries, who used to contract for them, and, at a particular time of the year, make a country jaunt to see them cut, which they called going to Battersea to have their simples cut; whence foolish people were jocularly advised to go thither for the same purpose, and afterwards (the origin being in some measure forgotten) to be cut for the simples.

Hunger will break through stone walls, or any thing except a Suffolk cheese.

Suffolk cheese is, from its poverty, the subject of much low wit. It is by some represented as only fit for making wheels for wheelbarrows; and a story is told, that a parcel of Suffolk cheese being packed up in an iron chest, and put on board a ship bound to the East-Indies, the rats, allured by the scent, ate through the chest, but could not penetrate the cheese.

He

He is true Coventry blue.

Coventry was formerly famous for dying a blue, that would neither change its colour, nor could it be discharged by washing. Therefore the epithets of Coventry blue and true blue, were figuratively used to signify persons who would not change their party or principles on any consideration.

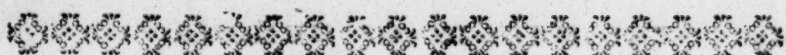
Putney.

According to the vulgar tradition, the churches of Putney and Fulham were built by two sisters, who had but one hammer between them, which they interchanged by throwing it cross the river, on a word agreed between them; those on the Surrey side made use of the word, Put it nigh! those on the opposite shore, Heave it full home; whence the churches, and from them the villages were called Putnigh and Fullhome, since corrupted to Putney and Fulham.

From Hell, Hull, and Halifax ——— deliver us.

This was part of the vagrant's litany. At Hull all vagrants, found begging in the streets, were whipped and set in the stocks: and at Halifax persons taken in the act of stealing cloth, were instantly and without any process, beheaded, with an engine called a maiden. Perhaps the coincidence of the initials has been no small means towards giving currency to this saying.

FUGI-



Fugitive Pieces in Verse.

On TAXES.

'Tis pleasant to observe how free the present Age is in laying Taxes on the next. Future Ages shall talk of this to all Posterity.

GOOD friend, be calm; why shou'dst thou fret
Because the nation runs in debt,
And taxes grow on taxes?
Do, prithee, wait till time and tide,
And nostrums for the ill provide,
And PITT his hand relaxes.

EPIGRAMS.

Just twenty-five is sister Fan,
Her lips and cheeks like claret;
Her hair is long as hop-poles,
And red as any carrot.
Five thousand pounds has Fan in portion,
And wants a coach to give her motion.

On a library, where the books were in curious bindings.

With eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold!
Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold;
In life and death one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

On the same subject.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Rates books, like beavers—only for their skin!

Do you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me, as you say?
Or are those tender words apply'd
Alike to fifty girls beside?—

I

Dear,

Dear, cruel girl, cry'd I, forbear!
 For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
 She stopped me as the oath I took,
 And cry'd, You've sworn—now kiss the book.

On the Rule for Driving to the Left Hand.

The law of the road is a paradox quite;
 For, in orderly passing along,
 By observing the left, you're sure to go right,
 And if you go right, you go wrong.

The Miser and the Mouse.

To a mouse, says a miser, "My dear Mr. Mouse,
 "Pray what may you please for to want in my house?"
 Says the mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
 "You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet:
 "A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford;
 "But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board.

On the British Lion.

Our lion once did roar, and look so grim,
 That his own shadow durst not follow him;
 But now, he's so dejected and dismay'd,
 He cannot face the shadow of his shade.

To a Lady, on her praising her Husband to Doctor Swift.

You always are making a god of your spouse:
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
 Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
 And you adore him, because he adores you.
 Your argument's weak, as so you will find,
 For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

On a Gentleman, who expended his whole Fortune in Horse-racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
 No wonder he ran out at last;
 He ran in debt, and then to pay,
 He distanc'd all—and ran away.

Upon

Upon writing a large folio with a single pen, by Philomen Holland, commonly called the "Translator-general of his age." He translated Camden's Britannia into English, &c. &c.

With one sole pen I writ this book,
 Made of a grey goose quill;
 A pen it was when it I took,
 And a pen I leave it still.

The PRAYER.

A lad and a lass to Apollo once pray'd,
 The youth had been jilted, the poor girl betray'd;
 So humbly they ask'd if this deity knew
 Any lass that was chaste, or lad that was true.
 Apollo, for some time, assur'dly was mute,
 But at length, very gravely, thus answer'd their suit:
 "The youth may be true in whom none will confide,
 "And the lass may be chaste who has never been tried."

The humble Prayer of a Scotch Poet.

Full humble is my prayer, I ween,
 For humble I have always been.
 Far from my wishes to be rich,
 I ask not, for I need not much;
 No nabob's wealth, nor favourite's place,
 Nor royal gifts, nor royal grace:
 Give me, O Fortune! give me clear
 Three hundred sterling pounds a-year—
 And give a friend, to lounge and talk,
 And lean my arm on when I walk.
 Full humble is my prayer, I ween
 For humble I have always been.

The Length of Woman's Conscience.

Once on a time a woman beg'd a boon
 Of friend or neighbour in a town.
 He, gen'rous heart, quite free to all,
 Of packthread gave to her a ball

That measur'd twelve score yards to grant,
 And bid her take what she might want.
 She talk'd, roll'd off, to tire your patience,
 At last she said, " Here's enough in conscience."
 The man he smil'd and said, " Let's see
 What length a woman's conscience be."
 He found it forty yards in all,
 " Oh! then," said he, " pray take the ball."

SONG.—*Roast Mutton.*

Gently stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast;
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dripping-pan a toast,
 That my hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.
 On the dresser see it lyes;
 O the charming white and red!
 Finest meat ne'er met my eyes,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.
 On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean;
 Pickles get of ev'ry sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green:
 Then with small beer, and sparkling wine,
 Oh, ye gods! how I shall dine.

A Comparison.

As I was a walking Whitechapel one day,
 I saw on a sign, three mack'rel that way.
 Just under the same, three girls they did pass,
 I thought to myself, they were three pretty lasses,
 I them to the fish did quickly compare,
 And wish'd in my heart, I of each had a share.
 How hard for to get, when they're good and sweet,
 When bad, they're cheap, and found in each street.

The

The following extempore is now to be seen on a window in Sligo, in the kingdom of Ireland. It was written by the father of the beautiful Farren, now of the Drury-lane theatre. The manager's name of the company he was then in, was Shepherd, from whom Mr. Farren had experienced uncommon oppression :

How different David's fate and mine—
His GOOD—but mine is EVIL!
His *shepherd* was the Lord divine—
My *Shepherd* is the Devil.

E P I T A P H S.

On a MISER.

Reader, beware immod'rate love of pelf;
Here lyes the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

*Intended for a certain LAWYER, when DEATH shall obtain
a verdict against him.*

Scrape-all has left the common pleas,
And bid adieu to all his fees:
Beaneth this verdant turf he lyes,
Where he'll continue, if he's wise:
To rise would be a foolish whim,
For then his *deeds* must follow him.

*On the late facetious HARRY HOWARD, written by him-
self, and found amongst his Papers after his Decease.*

Here lyes a blade, who all his life
With Fortune held perpetual strife;
He rov'd about from place to place,
T' avoid a dun, or bailiff's face:

But now he's gone, nor fears a bum,
His debts are paid, and he's at home;
So, after many seasons past,
He's fix'd, and found a house at last.

In Folkstone Churchyard.

An house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
Nor turn him out of doors for non-payment;
From heavy taxes, too, this cell is free;
To such an house who would not tenant be?

On a Country COBLER.

Beneath this green hillock lyes honest Dick Hall,
Whose service was courted by fair, brown, nay all;
For his life was employ'd to keep, in foul weather,
All harm from your feet by the strength of his leather.
His wax was so smooth, his ends were so strong,
His workmanship good, and so pleasing his song,
That the neighbours would oft at his stall listen hours,
To hear Derry down—Hearts of Oak—Social Pow'rs;
And tho' it seems strange, for truth 'tis well known,
He'd repair others' soles, but neglected his own;
Yet wishing the future might better the past,
He liv'd sixty years, and then—Death stole his last.

On Jonathan Payn, late of the Bath Theatre, by Mr. Barnard, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

Beneath lyes lamented the manes of PAYN,
Bereft of what's giddy, gay, thoughtless, or vain,
Of PAYN, who was pleasure's gay son thro' the year,
But for PAYN Pleasure droops, and she now sheds a tear.
In autumn PAYN wither'd—in winter PAYN died,
Thus SUMMER's* sweet sunshine to PAYN was denied,
A dart from grim death enter'd PAYN's honest breast,
And a DART† of religion consign'd him to rest.

* He courted Miss Summers, of the Bath Theatre.

† Parson Dart, who attended the funeral.

On a Tomb-stone, at Fiscard, in Wales, on two Little Paps.

Here lyes to Papes as tead as nits,
Whom Cot took hence py agey sits
They were too coot to itay with we
And so they're con to lif with he.

The

The Humours of Christmas Holidays.

Now the Christmas Holidays
 Are come to chear our hearts,
 See the table spread, my boys,
 With puddings, pies, and tarts.

Nice hams and fowls, and punch in bowls,
 In plenty here is found,
 Whilst fiddlers they sweet music play,
 And jovial songs go round.

The evening's play finish the day,
 At cards by fire-side ;
 Playing in at whist o'er liquor brisk,
 And some play seek-and-hide.

Thus the time is spent, in sweet content,
 No want is to be seen ;
 With our twelfth cake we next merry make,
 In chusing king and queen.

Verses on some of the London Cries.

Matches!—Come buy my matches.

Cupid's blind matches form'd by chance,
 Are damp'd by tears and by sighs ;
 Mine kindle at each amorous glance,
 And lighten your dark open eyes.

The Shoe Black.—Black your honour.

—Avoid the miser's narrow care,
 Which robs the shoe black of his early fare ;
 Perish the thought so niggard and so mean,
 The muse rejects it with a just disdain.

The Chimney sweeper next is known by name,
 His face is seen in every lane.
 With bag and brush he waits your call,
 Sweep foot ho!—the servants hall.

Let

Let dames have pity when they want,
 Nor let them go without a grant;
 'Tis charity when they are paid,
 You know in Heaven reward is made.

Water cresses—Cold and hungry tho' I sing,
 My cresses are good for your blood in the spring;
 Your money, good neighbours, will help me to buy
 Some bread for my children, or else they will die.

The Beggar—"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
 Whose days are dwindl'd to the shortest span;
 Oh! grant relief, and Heaven will bless your store."

The soul that feels for others' woe,
 From Heav'n its origin doth shew.

The *Watchman* of the night, with friendly light,
 Will guide thy reeling steps from harm;
 For six-pence he—will support thee,
 Home safe from night's alarm.

Thus when a *Sor* at the tavern has got,
 In ebbie his heart full of wine;
 That he can't stand, walk, or trot,
 A watchman's the friend he may find.

A Watchman's poetical Appeal to his sleeping Friends.

As God Almighty is my judge,
 About this town I here do trudge;
 And while my masters are asleep,
 Their houses and their goods I keep;
 And there's no man can do more,
 Than go about from door to door.

Come buy my wares, fine apples and pears,
 A dozen a penny in conscience too many;
 Come will you have any kind Sirs?
 My children are seven, I wish them in heaven;

My

My husband's a sot, with his pipe and his pot :
 Not a farthing will gain 'em ;
 And I must maintain them.

Oysters I cry, my masters come buy,
 So plump and so fresh, so sweet is their flesh ;
 No Colchester oyster, is sweeter and moister,
 Then these fine—Milton oysters.

Milton oysters—Milton oysters !
 Come taste and try, before you buy :
 Come buy my Milton oysters !

Herring—Herring—Buy my herring !
 Be not sparing—Leave off swearing.
 Come eat 'em with fresh butter and mustard ;
 Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
 Come, sixpence a-dozen to get me some bread ;
 Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

Good-Friday.—Hot cross buns !
 One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns.

Shall Peter bear his cross alone,
 And all the rest go free ?
 No : there's a cross for every one,
 And here's a cross for thee.

Knives to grind, Scissars and Razors to grind !

There are grinders enough of ev'ry degree,
 The rich grind the poor—we easily see :
 The merchant—the tradesman ; to tell you my mind,
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
 Altho' I am a journeyman—it's knives to grind.

The Jew he comes next—*old cloaths*, Sir's, my trade !
 Beware of the bargain so easily made ;
 He'll proffer your money, or change them for new,
 But, Christian, beware how you deal with a Jew.

Addressed

Addressed to SALLY, at Dolly's Chop-house.

DEAR SALLY, emblem of thy CHOP-HOUSE ware!
 As *broth* reviving, and as *white bread* fair;
 As *small beer* grateful, and as *pepper* strong;
 As *beef-steaks* tender, as *fresh pot herbs* young;
 Sharp as a *knife*, and piercing as a *fork*;
 Soft as new *butter*, white as fairest *pork*;
 Sweet as young *mutton*, brisk as *bottled beer*;
 Smooth as is *oil*, juicy as *cucumber*;
 And bright as *cruet* void of *vinegar*! }

Oh! SALLY, could I *turn* and *shift* my love,
 With the same skill that you your *steaks* can move,
 My heart, thus *cook'd*, might prove a *chop-house* feast,
 And you alone should be the welcome guest.

But, dearest SAL! the *flames* that you impart,
 Like *chop* on *gridiron*, broil my tender heart;
 Which, if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
 Must, like an unturn'd CHOP, *hiss*, *burn*, and *fry*;
 And must at last, thou *scorcher* of my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd *coal*!

“ In London what gay chop-house signs in the street;

“ But the only sign here is nothing to eat.

“ Heigho! that I for hunger should die!

“ But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave:

“ For my *bacon* I fancy I never shall save.”

To a LADY who loved DANCING.

Written by the late Judge Burnet.

May I presume, in humble lays,
 My *dancing* fair, thy steps to praise?
 While this grand maxim I advance,
 That all the world is but a *dance*.
 That human-kind, both man and woman,
 Do *dance*, is evident and common;
David himself, that god-like king,
 We know could dance as well as sing:

Folks

Folks who at court would keep their ground,
 Must *dance* the year attendance round :
 Whole nations *dance* ; gay, frisking France
 Has led the nation many a *dance* ;
 And some believe both France and Spain
 Resolve to take us out again.
 All nature is *one ball*, we find ;
 The water *dances* to the wind :
 The sea itself, at night and noon,
 Rises and capers to the moon ;
 The moon around the earth does tread
 A Cheshire round in buxom red ;
 The earth and planets round the sun
Dance ; nor will their *dance* be done
 'Till nature in one mass is blended ;
 Then we may say—*the ball is ended*.

The dying RAKE'S SOLILOQUY.

From Folly to Vice, and from Vice to the grave,
 Behold I am hast'ning, half fool and half knave.
 When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
 And my vigour and pow'rs felt a total decay,
 The doctors were call'd ; who, by virtue of fees,
 Pronounc'd that their skill cou'd remove the disease :
 But reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
 My carcase was sent to the vultures at Bath :
 When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
 All the hope that remain'd was to try native air.
 Scarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins,
 To my old mortgag'd house they convey my remains :
 No friend to assist, no relation to grieve,
 And scarcely a bed my bare bones to receive ;
 With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
 Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain ;
 No more by debauch, or companions deceiv'd ;
 But, dreading that Vengeance I once disbeliev'd,
 Encompass'd with horrors, and each mortal evil,
 I wait for the passport of Death to the Devil.

TOASTS

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

MAY power be influenced only by justice.
May we never get in a bad cause, and never fly from a good one.

To the man who dares be honest in the worst of times.
Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May a red coat never cover a coward, or a black a hypocrite.

May the armies of Great Britain always be successful in a good cause, and never be employed in a bad one.

Perdition to that man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

Vigour and unanimity to the friends of the constitution.

May the people of England always oppose a bad minister, and give vigour to a good one.

May the King form a government of unanimity, and from that basis shake the world around.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.

May the friend of good-humour never have the vapours.

Provision to the unprovided.

Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remember favours.

The four H's—Happy are we met,
Happy have we been;
Happy may we part; and,
Happy meet again!

Here's a bumper, my boys!—May we still find the way
To speak what we know, and know what we say.

Attic wit and good-humour all over the world.

I'll give you my toast—The grand alliance: Friendship,
Freedom, Wine, and Love.

May our commanders have the eye of an Hawke, and
the heart of a Wolfe.

The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.

The single married, and the married happy.

F I N I S.



